VOLUME XXVII NUMBER SIX

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1915

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Frontier Cities of Italy

FLORENCE CRAIG ALBRECHT

With 44 Illustrations

Venice

KARL STIELER

With 43 Illustrations and 2 Maps

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McCormack

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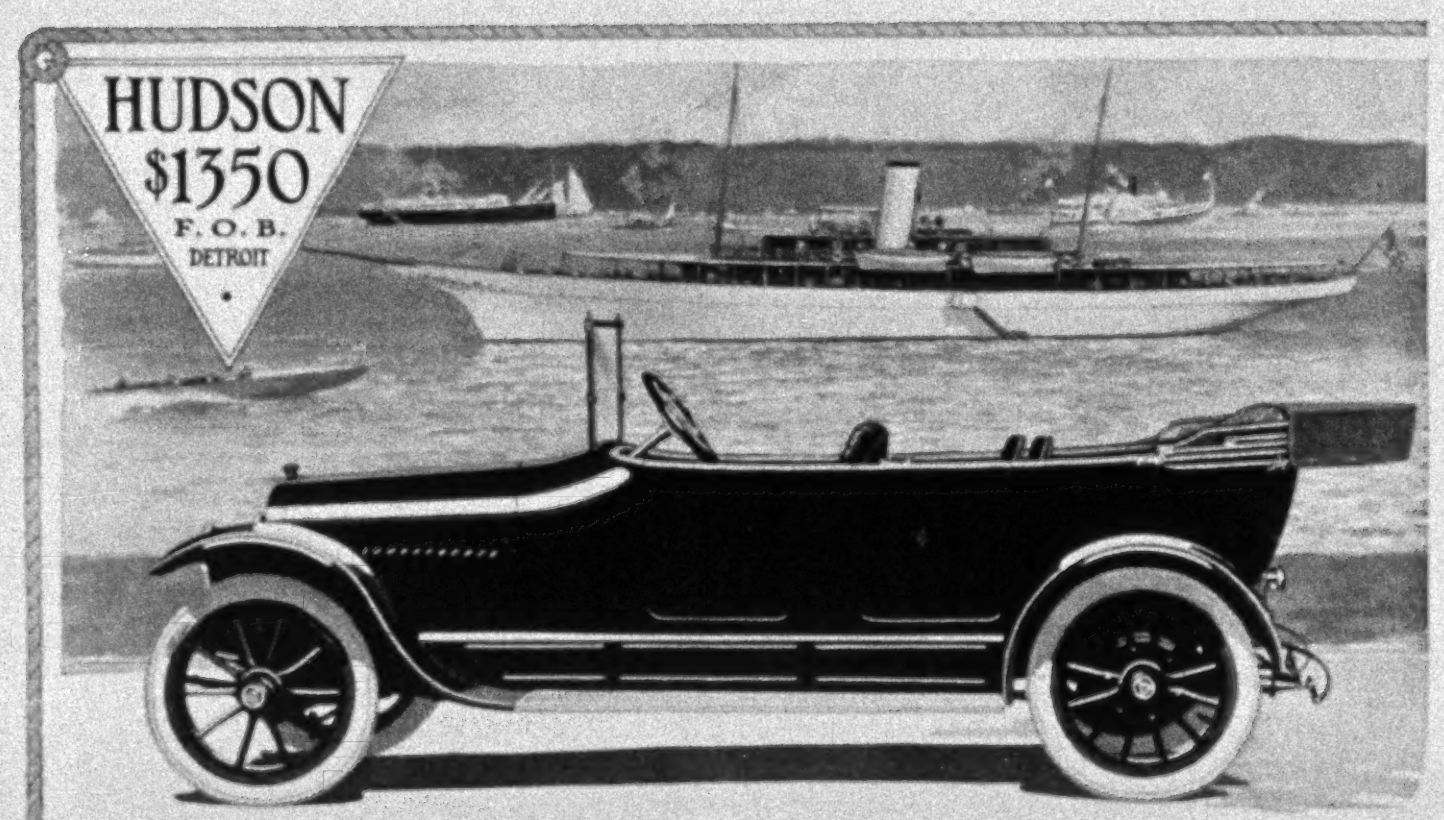

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It announces the 1916 model, with some vast advances, on a car which seemed beyond improvement.

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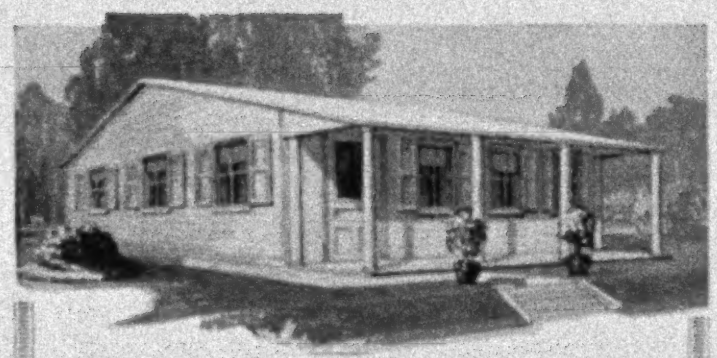

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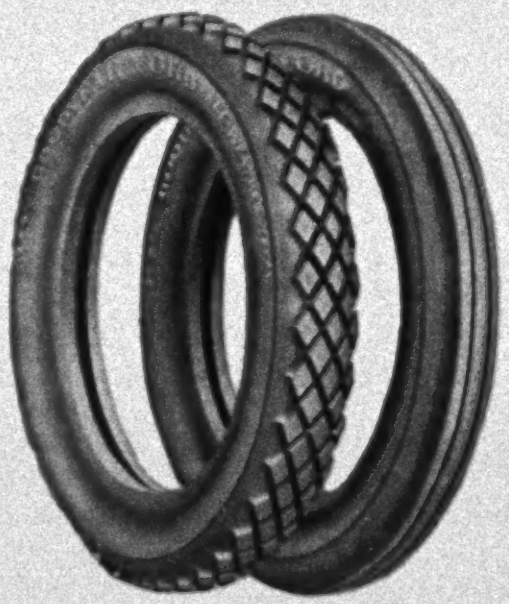

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Plain Tread for Front Tires

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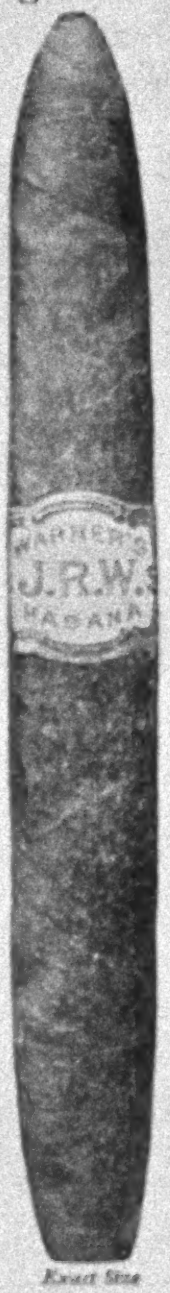

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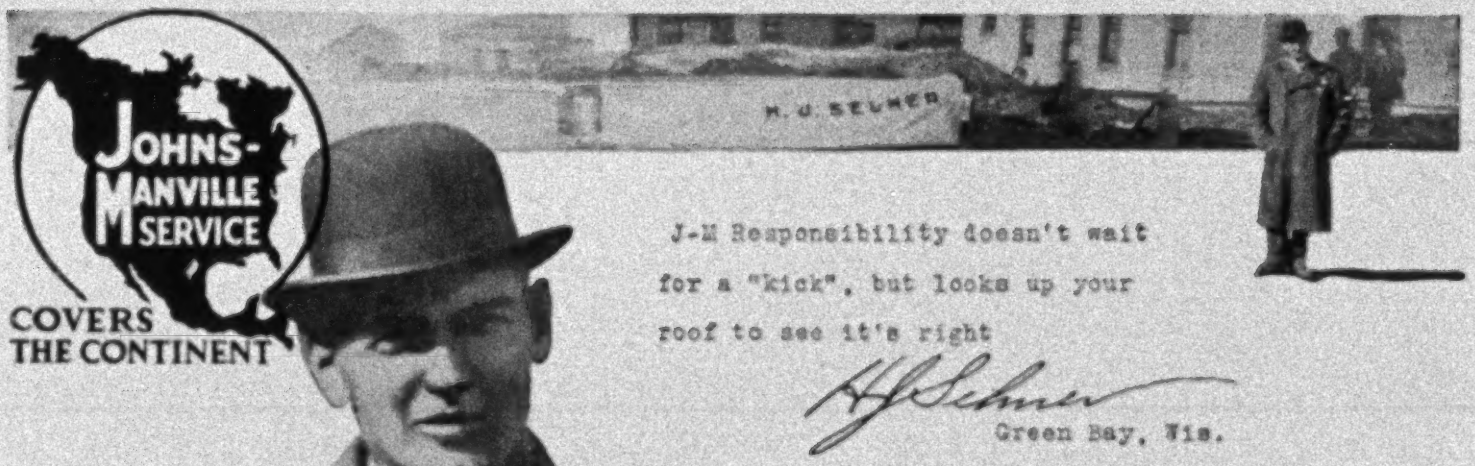

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VOL. XXVII, No. 6 WASHINGTON JUNE, 1915

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

FRONTIER CITIES OF ITALY

By Florence Craig Albrecht

Author of "Austro-Italian Frontiers," "Münster—The Town of Many Gables," and "The City of Jacqueline," in the National Geographic Magazine

Illustrations from photographs by Emil Poole Albrecht

Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;

O fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
Ti amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si strugga e pur ti sfida a morte!

Che or giù dalle Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po gállici armenti.

Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti,
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.

Vincenzo Filicaia, 1642–1707.

Italia, Italia, O thou to whom fate gave
The unhappy gift of beauty, so that thou
A funest dowry of infinite woes must bear
All on thy forehead written by great grief;

O wert thou but less lovely or more strong,
So that thou mightest be more feared or less beloved
By those who in the beauty of thy radiance fain would bask
And then all suddenly challenge thee to death!

That from the Alps descending no more shouldst thou see
Torrents of warriors; nor should vast Gallic hordes
Drink more the blood-tinted waters of the Po.

Nor shouldst be seen again thee, in foreign armor girded,
Battling with aid of hireling stranger peoples,
Only to serve them ever, conquering or conquered.

A literal translation.
For metrical one see Byron's Childe Harold.

TO THE great plain of northern Italy, the basin of the River Po, which stretches from the Alps to the Apennines, from Saluzzo to the Adriatic, Genoa la Superba does not belong. The little strip of coast land between the Maritime Alps, the Apennines, and the sea, stretching from Nice to Spezia, the Liguria of ancient days, the Riviera of our own, is ridged by spurs and branches of the great mountain chains to the northward; its level places are but floors of steep, narrow valleys or meadows at river mouths. But Genoa is such a charming gateway into northern Italy that one may not ignore it nor press too hastily up into that fair land beyond.

Rivals in loveliness she has—Naples close at home, Constantinople, Hongkong—but superbly indifferent she sits upon terrace above terrace, encircling her close port, looking far out over the

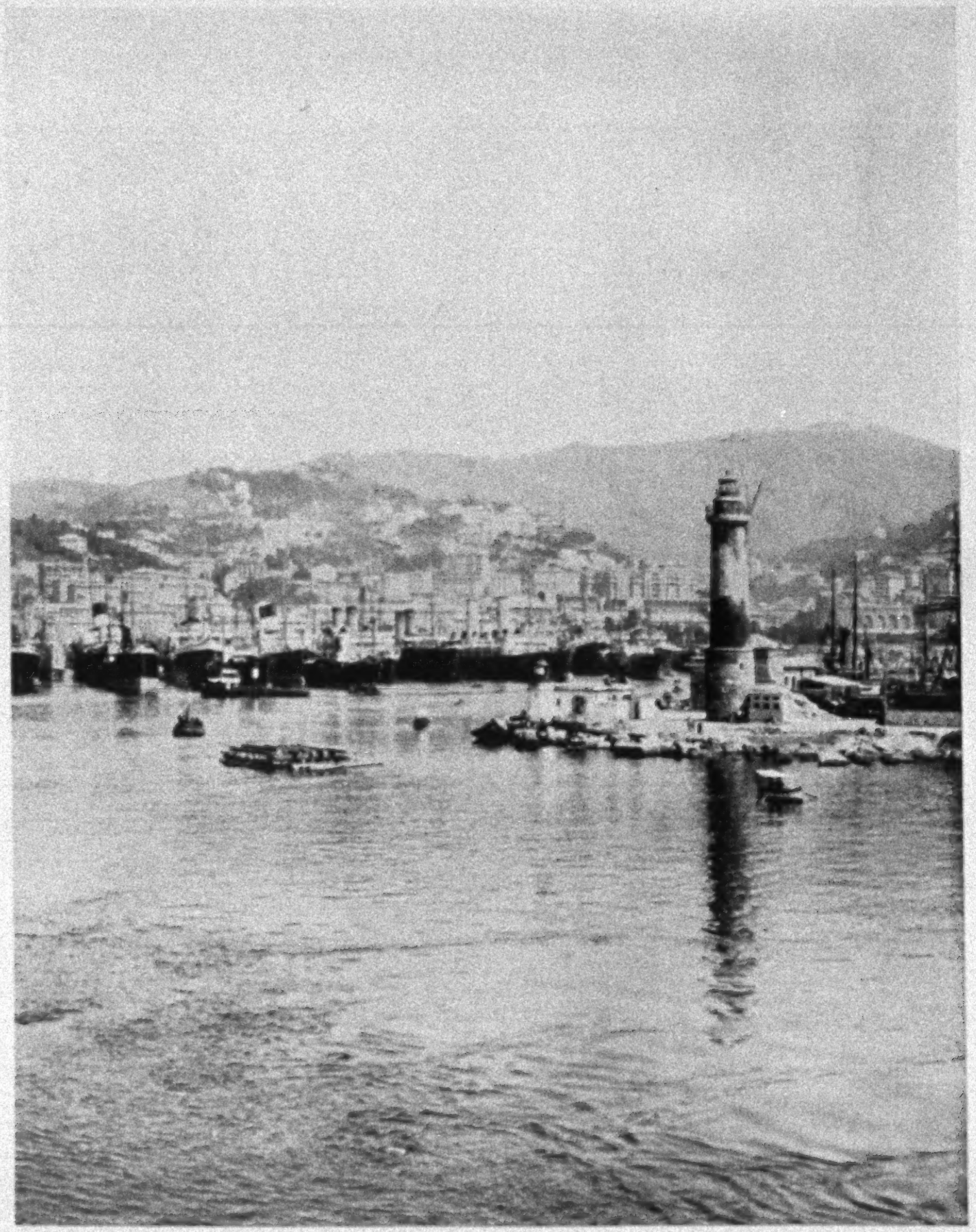


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE "PORTO," THE OLDEST HARBOR OF GENOA, AND THE MOLO VECCHIO, BEGUN ABOUT 1270

The older and newer harbors, with the Avamporto, or outer basin, comprise 470 acres. There are seven miles of quays. A rampart studded with forts crowns the hills that encircle the town, the highest, Forte dello Sperone, 1,690 feet above the sea. The small ancient lighthouse (Fanale) of the picture serves only for the inner harbor; there are others upon the newer breakwaters; and upon Capo del Faro, the rocky headland between Genoa and San Pier d'Arena, stands the Lanterna, a lighthouse 230 feet high, whose light can be seen for 30 miles. Out of this port hailed Columbus, who gave us our new world.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

NOT ADMIRALS OF THE FLEET, BUT NATIONAL POLICEMEN, "CARABINIERI," IN THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES: GENOA

They are usually seen in pairs, as here, where they are watching the passengers boarding a steamer, about to sail, for tokens of smuggling or other suspicious actions. The Carabinieri—literally, bearers of rifles or carbines—are a national police force similar to the French gendarmerie. They are appointed from those who during their term of army service have made unblemished records.

blue Tyrrhenean Sea. Along her dusky streets file rows of stately palaces—marble, soft rose, rich cream, or yellow brown.

GENOA'S FAIR SETTING

Backed against the hills, which come straight down to the water, the ground floor is often but a court or vestibule, above which story after story sets back as the slope gives way. Fountains there may be in these courts, and palms and oleanders grown in tubs, and roses and clematis that climb and twine to upper floors, to which broad stairs lead so invitingly.

Gardens there are, all green and fragrant, melodious, too, with bird song; great churches, cool and quiet; goldsmiths' shops gay with filigree; museums

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE "FESTA" OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE IN THE QUARTER OF GENOA DEVOTED TO HER SERVICE

The small boys in uniform are from an orphanage and are in the care of sympathetic Sisters of Charity, who allow them a full share of the sights. In the foreground is the ice-cream vender. "Gelati" is our own familiar "hoky-poky," from the Italian "*gelare*," to freeze; hence, frozen. The piazza is full of booths—all sorts of medals, pictures, and souvenirs calculated to catch pious fancy, and a great many things pandering to more fleshly tastes. Against the house in the background a shrine and altar with a picture of Our Lady have been erected for the morning service. The gap between this house and its neighbor is not a cañon, but an average Genoese street. Between the hill and the sea Genoa can build nowhere but into the air!

with wondrous pictures; high cornice roads and open spaces, whence one takes in marvelous stretches of earth and sky and sea.

Like all Italy, she bears traces of ancient Roman rule, suggestions of an earlier race than they, remembrances of the time when, chief city of a great republic, she rivaled Pisa and Venice; scars of the strife between Guelph and Ghibelline; huge modern "improvements," due to the present prosperity which came with a united Italy.

UNIFIED ITALY IS YOUNGER THAN THE UNITED STATES

The "fatal gift of beauty," which is Italy's dower, is that of each of her children, as their history is hers. The unified Italy, which our generation has known, is no older than us. The peninsula bounded, roughly speaking, by the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenean Sea, has been occupied from the dawn of history to our own time by countless rival states; has been in turn both conqueror and conquered; ruler of half the world, vassal of petty kings. Each of its ancient cities presents a shield so dented with scars, so overwritten with words and deeds, that no casual tourist may decipher it. Its loveliness, however, he may none-the-less enjoy.

If Italy's pages in history are drenched with blood, they are gilded and glowing also with music and poetry and song, with valor and love and art. If she were not a nation, she was the home of many; a bit of earth so lovely that the coolest-headed geographer must admire; a place that gave birth not only to wondrous fruits and flowers, but to marvelous children of men.

AN IMMEASURABLE DEBT

What our debt to her may be—in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in music, in poetry, in all that raises life from dull necessitous routine—none may measure. Her political past we may criticize; her artistic, never. Nor here at Genoa may we, Americans, be filled with less than gratitude; for from a village of the neighborhood and out of this port sailed that mariner, Columbus, who gave us our new world.

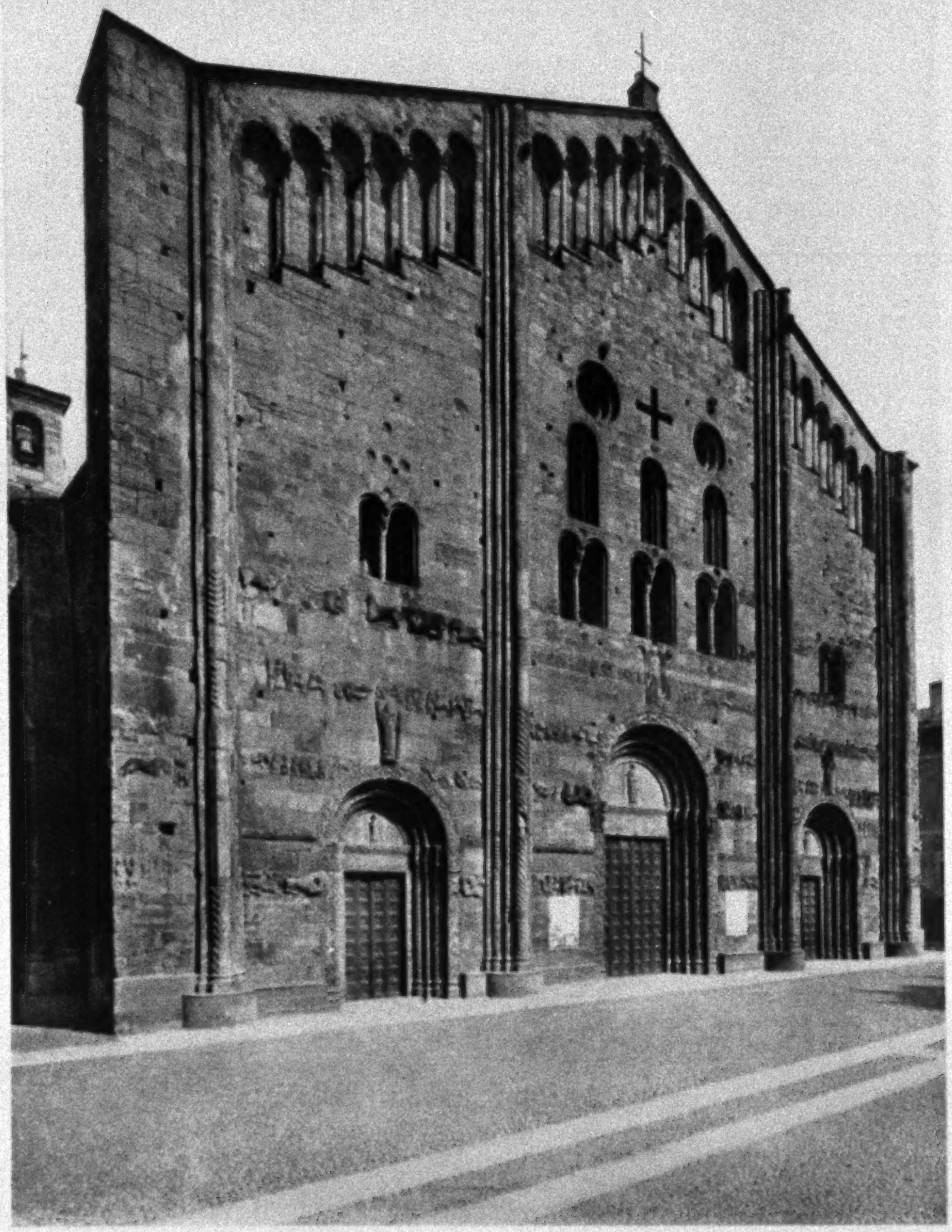
From Genoa northward to Pavia is but a little way, but that way is over the Ligurian Alps, all green and gray with vineyards and olive groves, and noisy with swift little rushing rivers and mill-wheels clacking around—a lovely way, not to be hurried, but eventually bringing us into the plain of Lombardy. And here there are many rich cities and much of art and of history, for in this great fertile plain between huge mountain chains armies have ever gathered, looking up toward the Alps, to great victories over the pagans beyond them, or, themselves pagans, rejoicing in the luxuriance spread before them, as they faced joyously the Apennines and Rome.

ALPS THE NATURAL BOUNDARY

Northward the snow peaks of the Alps form a natural barrier, it would seem, to the nation tenanting this peninsula; but soldiers have little sympathy with geographical boundaries save for strategic purposes, and diplomatists none. The western chain of Alps bends southward to the Mediterranean, ending presumably in the great headland between Nice and Monaco. Across this physical boundary line Italy's western limits have been thrust back and forth through centuries, reaching once far beyond Nice, at present not quite touching Mentone, which is 15 miles to east of it. In the central Alps the southern slopes belong to Italy, although, of course, the greater portion of the chain lays in Switzerland; but the eastern Alps, to south as well as north, are Austrian.

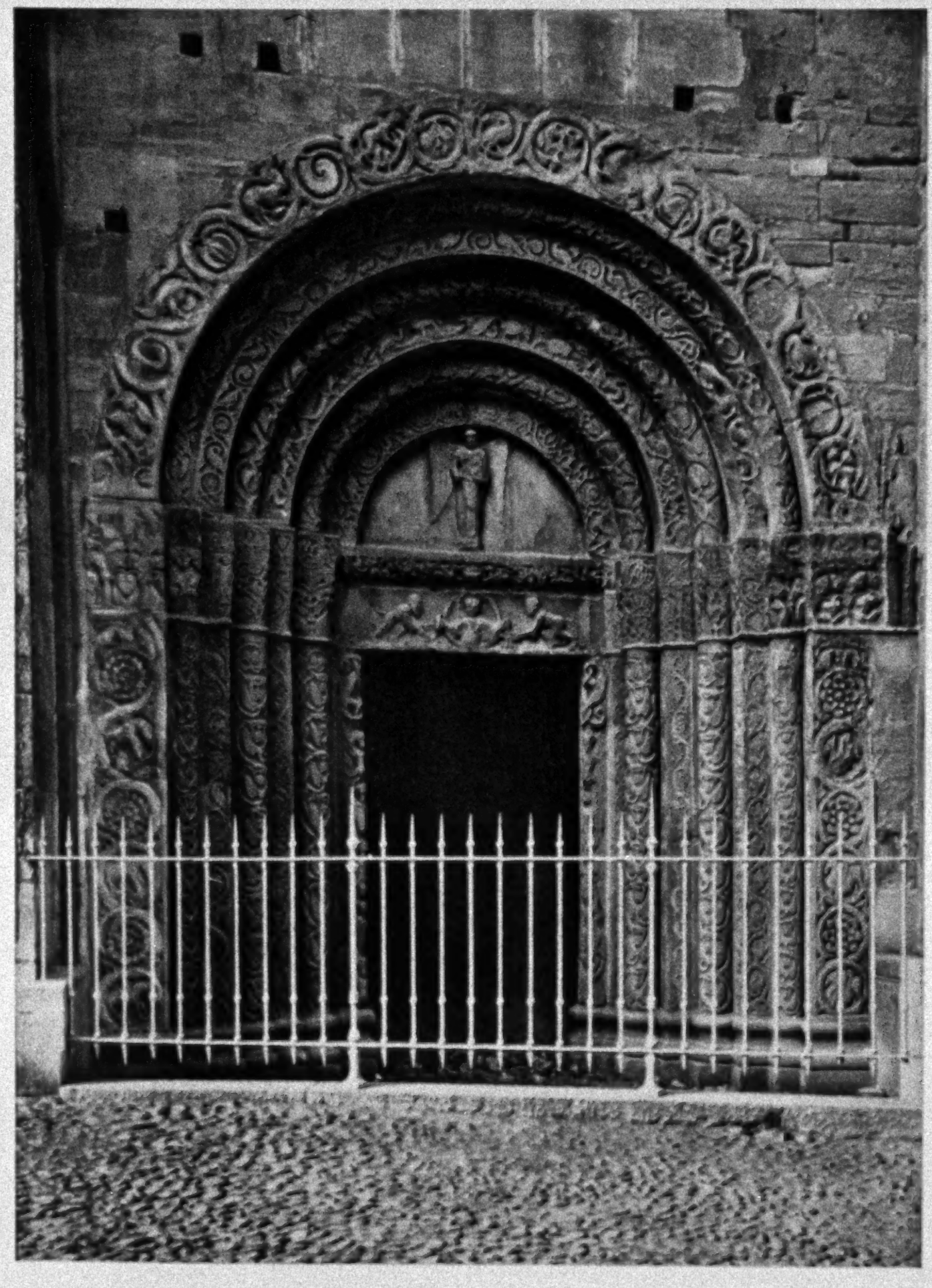
This most southerly province of the Austrian Empire, this beautiful, romantic Tyrol, has acquired new interest at present as a pawn in the great war game. Logically and sympathetically, if not politically, the southern slopes of Tyrol belong to Italy.

Occupied at the dawn of its history by a wild Celtic tribe—the Rhætians—tamed by all-conquering Rome into the tributary province of Rhætia, the northern part of Tyrol was Germanized as early as the fifth century. On the other hand, the southern part remained Roman, even



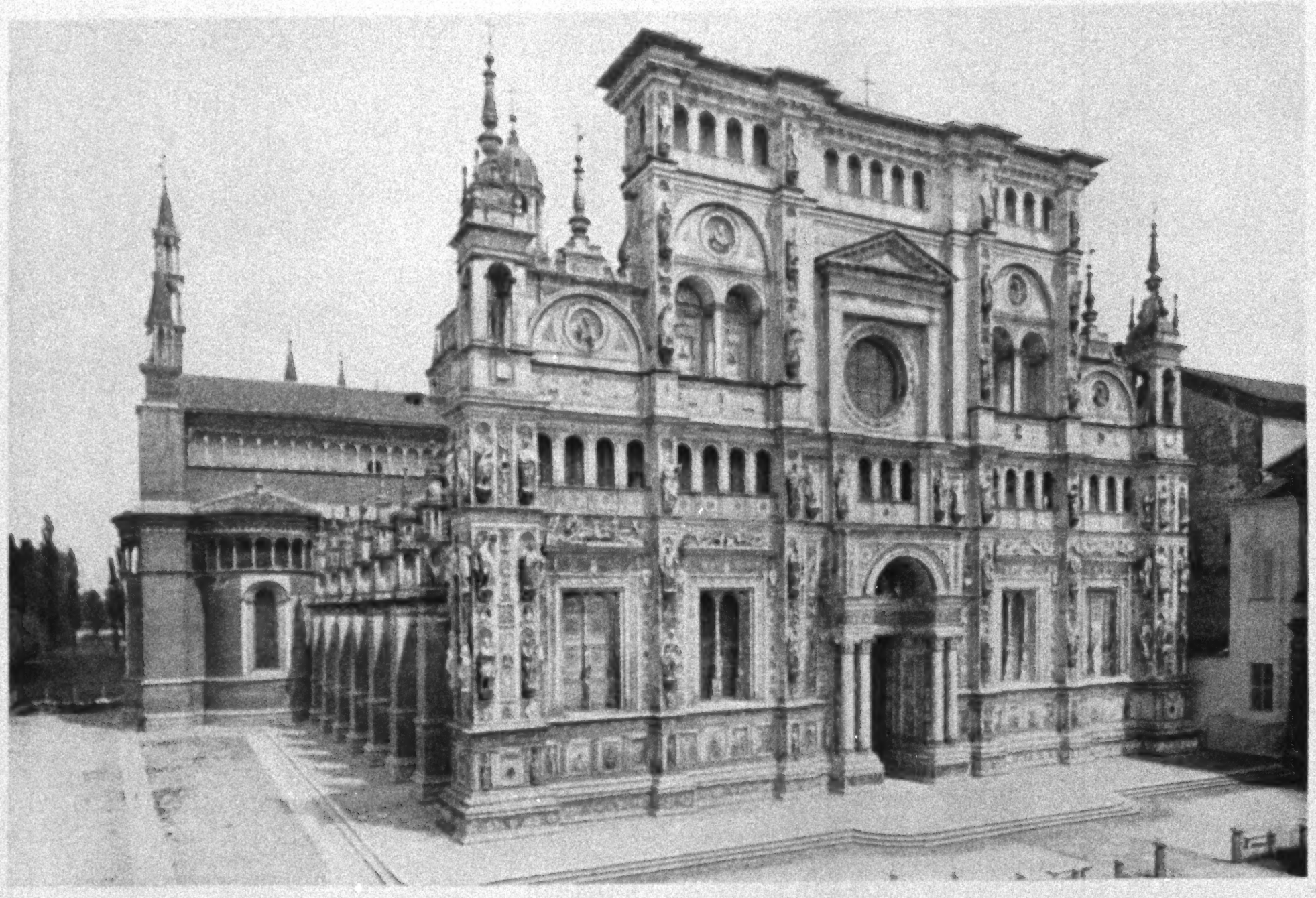
THE CHURCH OF SAN MICHELE: PAVIA

In San Michele those kings of Italy from whom the present reigning line, the House of Savoy, claims descent were crowned 1,000 years ago. The old church is one of the finest specimens of Lombard architecture in existence. The present structure is a restoration, executed toward the latter part of the eleventh century, of the original church that burned in 1004.



ANCIENT DOORWAY TO SAN MICHELE, AT PAVIA

Among the most highly prized details of Pavia's old Lombard home of worship are its heavily carved portals, deep and massive sandstone arcades, surfaced everywhere with fanciful reliefs. Here the builders allowed themselves a rich profusion in line and ornament. Otherwise the exterior of San Michele is Puritan in its unimaginative simplicity.



THE WONDERFUL CHURCH OF OUR LADY, IN THE CERTOSA DI PAVIA

Generations of artists spent their lives in building the church and the component structures. Here, it is said, one may study a practical text-book of Italian art covering well nigh three centuries; and the text-book is rich in examples of unsurpassed inspiration. The façade of the church has been styled the finest piece of richly adorned Renaissance architecture in existence

to the extent of Romanizing the Teutonic Langobardi, who swept up into it from the plains of the Po. But Latin south and Teuton north, all Tyrol passed, with its neighbors, under the rule of the Carolingians, and thence to the rule of the tributary bishops of Bavaria. In the thirteenth century arose the House of Tyrol, which through inheritance, imperial grant, force, and persuasion, was destined to unify the land under a secular lord and give it its name. For fifteen centuries the northern, early Teutonized, portion of the province has been loyal to a Germanic house, Bavarian or Austrian.

TRENTINO'S ITALIAN ASPECT

But the southern part, like Italy itself, conquered its Teuton conquerors, imposing upon them its language, its customs, its life and thought, even while submitting to their laws. In part at least this much-disputed, Italian-speaking, Italian-looking district was long ruled by Verona and by Venice; a hundred years of Austrian rule have not made of Trent, the most prosperous little city of south Tyrol, or Riva, the picturesque port upon Lake Garda, anything but Italian towns. (See article and photographs of this region by Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht in the GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for April, 1915.) Natural sympathies and geographical boundaries combine to make the Trentino most desirable to Italy; yet no one may wonder that Austria is reluctant to yield it. If Bavaria should claim her ancient inheritance, what then would be left to her?

But we have come far from Genoa without pausing to look by the way. Let us go back and take the slowest train, that we may stop as often as we will. Perhaps the first time should be at Pavia, but I am not sure. Much of history has been made there; it should be interesting. For two hundred years, until Charlemagne overthrew them, it was the capital of the Lombard kings, the kings of that one-time Teuton tribe of Langobardi, who conquered Italy, only to be themselves slowly conquered and become Italian or, more accurately, Romanized. It is they who ruled over this great fertile plain between the Alps and the Apennines, the plain watered by the Po and its tributaries, adorned by a chain of wonderful lakes that hang like sapphire pendants dripping from the glacier-clad Alps into the rich green meadows—the plain that has been the coveted possession of every European tribe and nation, the prize of battle, the field of war, since history began.

A CROWNING PLACE OF KINGS

Here, in the church of San Michele, kings of Italy were crowned a thousand years ago; here two Germans, at least, Henry II (1004) and Frederick Barbarossa (1155), received upon their brow that "iron crown of the Lombards" which conveyed the sovereignty of Italy. In the castle garden, Francis I was defeated by the forces of Charles V; in the palace, Petrarch was an honored guest and perhaps wrote sonnets (see pictures, pages 538-539). Yet all this cannot make of Pavia an alluring town to me; let us go on rather to the Certosa, a short five miles away.

If a few hours suffice for Pavia, how many should be given here? Who shall say? Not I; but only that it deserves more time than it usually receives, sandwiched in between a morning at Pavia and an afternoon at Milan, or the casual objective of a pleasant motor tour. Yet am I fair? Superficially, casually, attentively as the perfunctory guide will allow, one may "look it over" in a morning; to really see it would be to scrutinize it foot by foot, almost inch by inch, especially its great church, which is a jewel without and within. That St. Bruno would quite approve its magnificence I much doubt. Coming to it directly from the mother-house across the Alps near Grenoble, the differences are marked indeed.

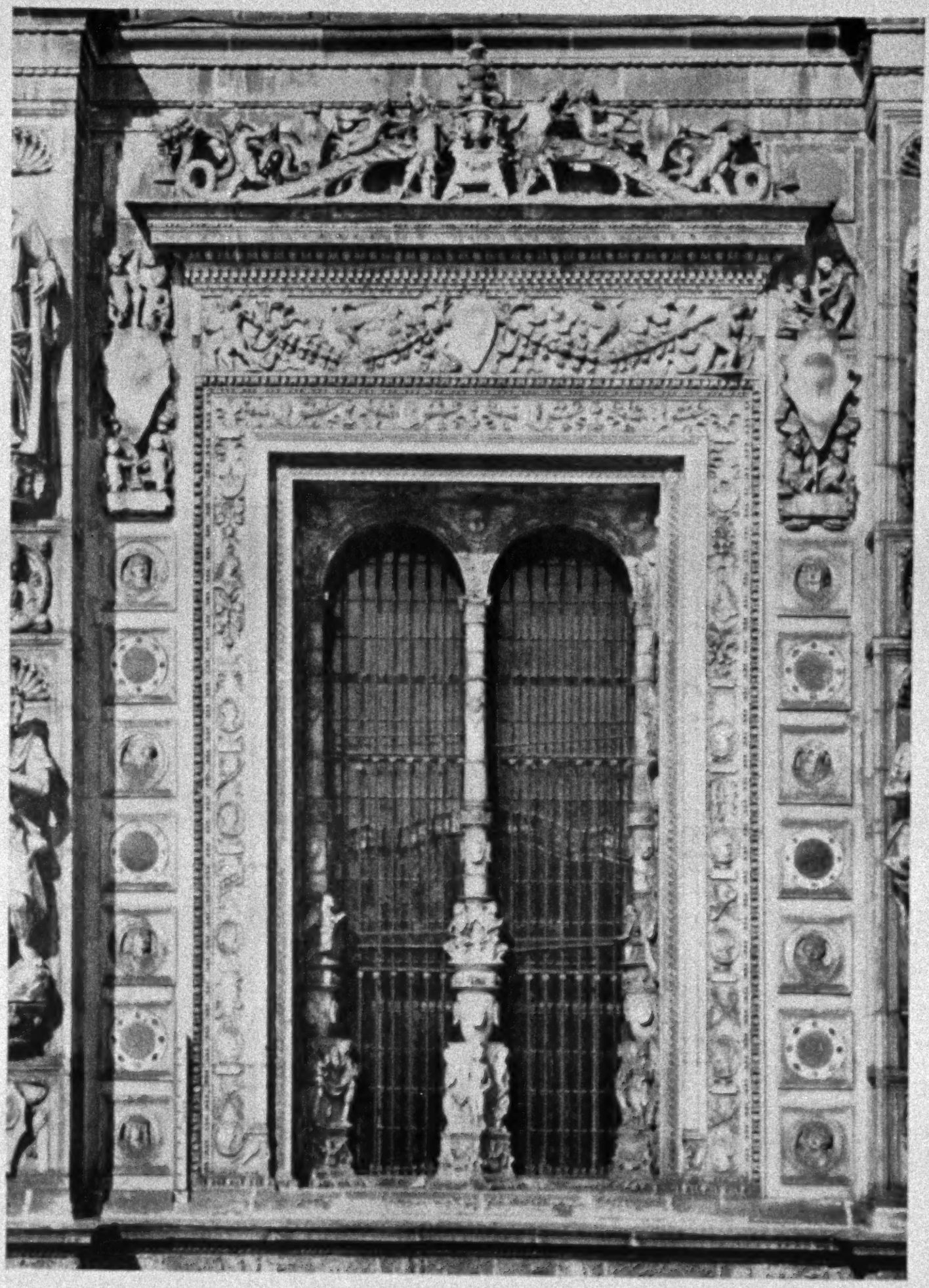
FEATURES OF CARTHUSIAN MONASTERIES

The salient features of the Carthusian monasteries, the small houses or cells made necessary by the rule of the order as to solitary life, are, of course, here grouped about the usual court or cloister, and they are no larger, no more luxurious, than those across the mountains; but the cloisters themselves—above all, the church—bear little resemblance to the

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH AT CERTOSA (SEE PAGE 540)

The whole façade is of wonderful richness, not only in the number, but also in the character, of its carvings. The medallions of the plinth are the heads of Roman emperors; above are scenes from the life of Gian Galeazzo, the founder, and from sacred history; and around and about the windows, which are exquisite in themselves, is a wreath of delicate sculpture, heads of angels, statues of saints and martyrs—all perfect as when they left the sculptor's hand and mellow with the sunshine of 400 years.



A WINDOW FROM THE CERTOSA DI PAVIA

"No words can describe its beauty, no photograph do it justice. The centuries have passed over it gently. Under that benign Italian sky it has mellowed perhaps a trifle; but as it is, so it seems it must ever have been—a wondrous flower blooming alone at the heart of its silent meadows" (see text, pages 541 and 551). Now the church at Certosa, together with many other beautiful examples of olden art, has been brought within a few scant miles of the ever-extending, unsparing battle line of Europe's great war.

MONUMENT IN CERTOSA DI PAVIA TO GALEAZZO VISCONTI, FOUNDER OF THE MAJESTIC MILAN CATHEDRAL AND ALSO OF THE CERTOSA CATHEDRAL

"According to local story, Catharina, wife of Gian Galeazzo, gave, when dying, a park adjoining the ducal palace at Pavia, a part of her own dowry, for the perpetual use of twelve Carthusian monks. The park comprised some 13 miles in extent, an unimproved, boggy forest, full of game, her husband's hunting ground. In sorrow and devotion he confirmed the gift and expanded it until 20 square miles of territory between Milan and Pavia were tributary to the monastery for its support, for its construction or its embellishment" (see text, page 551).

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE VESTIBULE OF THE CERTOSA, OR CARTHUSIAN, MONASTERY

The frescoes are by Luini (1470–1532), but are sadly faded and damaged. Enough remains, however, to tell us how beautiful this entrance must have been

LODOVICO SFORZA, THE MOOR, AND HIS WIFE, BEATRICE D'ESTE: CERTOSA

One of those restless, adventurous Italians who, during the late Middle Ages, made Italy mean again almost what Rome had meant—Lodovico, the Moor—now sleeps in a tomb at Certosa beside his wife. The recumbent statue in their memory is one of the finest works of Cristozoro Solari

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE STRANGER'S LODGING-HOUSE AT THE CERTOSA MONASTERY

In its prosperous days the Certosa was visited constantly by scores of pilgrims eager to pray at its shrines, to beg the good offices of its monks, or to buy the liqueurs or cordials that they made. There were no inns in medieval days; the monks must provide a lodging. So within their inclosure upon the left of the great court which stretches between vestibule and church—the Piazzale—they built their "Farmacia," where the cordials were made and sold and the quarters where humble pilgrims could be lodged. Upon the other side of the Piazzale—the right as you enter—stands the Novices' Convent and the great Palazzo Ducale, now a museum, where titled visitors were housed.

VIEW FROM THE PENSION CASTAGNOLA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE (SEE PAGE 554)

The sons and daughters of Italy have spread through all the sunny valleys of the southern Alps, taking their language, customs, and many of the peculiarities of the southern plain with them. The climates of these southern Alpine valleys are among the softest in the world; the cold is seldom more than a spicy zest to the out-of-doors, while the summers are filled with the lazy mellowness of Riviera sunshine.

XUM

"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES" IN LAGO MAGGIORE, STRESA Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A kneeling-box, a cake of very yellow, very "smelly" soap, a scrubbing-brush or a paddle—but Italians seem to prefer the brush, where French and German laundresses use a paddle—and the lake; that is all the equipment. The clothes are washed and rinsed and squeezed as dry as is possible without mechanical wringers, then are slung over poles balanced on the laundress' shoulder and carried home to dry, to starch, to iron. The picture was taken near Stresa. Isola Bella lays in the distance.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE VILLA ARCONATI ON THE PUNTA D'AVEDO OF BALBIANELLO, WHICH PROJECTS FAR INTO LAKE COMO BETWEEN CAMPO AND LENNO: LAKE COMO

When the oleanders are in flower, their soft rose and glossy green reflected with the creamy villa and drifting summer clouds in the radiant blue of the lake, one can think of nothing more prosaic than fairyland (see page 553).

austerities of the Grande Chartreuse. St. Bruno had been three centuries dead when this beautiful group of buildings was begun.

Nor was it the creation of poor, laboring monks alone, nor raised by the small offerings of the poor. According to local story, Catharina, wife of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, gave, when dying, a park adjoining the ducal palace at Pavia, a part of her own dowry, for the perpetual use of 12 Carthusian monks. The park comprised some 13 miles in extent, an unimproved, boggy forest, full of game, her husband's hunting ground. In sorrow and devotion he confirmed the gift and expanded it until 20 square miles of territory between Milan and Pavia were tributary to the monastery for its support, for its construction or its embellishment.

There was a little "string" to the gift. When the monastery should be quite completed, the revenues from its lands were then to be applied to aiding the poor of Pavia. The poor of Pavia have never received a penny to this day. One must not be unjust, however. The monastery, the church, were long in building. Gian Galeazzo died; his sons were not so strong as he; their inheritance melted away; war desolated the fields and ruined the harvests of Lombardy; the monastery's revenues suffered with the rest; doubtless there were few pennies to give away. The work was commenced in 1396, the monastic buildings being erected first; the facade of the church was finished about 1492.

No words can describe its beauty, no photograph do it justice. The centuries have passed over it gently; under that benign Italian sky it has mellowed perhaps a trifle, but as it is, so it seems it must ever have been, a wondrous flower blooming alone at the heart of its silent meadows.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN OF RIVA, ON LAKE GARDA

Riva belongs to Austria, but looks Italian. One sees blond and brunette here; one hears poor German and poor Italian; one pays in Austrian money for articles with Italian names. The blond-haired child is Angelica; the dark one, Gretchen. Can contrast go further?

MILAN A HALF-WAY HOUSE

Milan is today such a half-way house for people rushing up and down the earth, from the Mediterranean to the Alps, from Venice to Como; it is so very well known, so very crowded, so busy, so bustling, one feels there is nothing more to be told of her. Perhaps because she seems so entirely modern, because she bears so few traces of her earlier years, because while her sister cities point so proudly to Etruscan, to Greek, to early

IN THE HOTEL GARDEN: RIVA

This is as lovely a spot as can be found on any of the Italian lakes. Across the harbor to the west is the precipitous Rocchetta (5,000 feet), dominating the town and casting over it in the afternoon a welcome shade. Part way up its steep side an old ruined tower recalls the day when Riva was subject to Venetian rule.

Roman remains, she invites the visitor to contemplate her Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, one feels she does not appreciate her past.

It is not so. She has been literally trampled into the dust so often she would have nothing but scars to show but for the invincible courage which made her instantly build on her ruins the foundations of yet greater things.

Gian Galeazzo, who made the Certosa possible, did much for Milan. To him we owe the cathedral, one of the largest in the world. What joy must have been his to see these wonderful structures growing, to know that from his care they came. I hope Catharina shared the pleasure a little time. The cathedral was begun in 1386, a few years before she died.

It is not possible to leave Milan without a visit to Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," I suppose; yet it would be well to do so, for it is but a ghost. One derives no pleasure from it, unless the melancholy one of meditating upon "might have been's," and in thought it speedily sends one back to Certosa: to the tomb of Duke Lodovico Sforza, the Moor, and his wife, Bianca Maria (Beatrice d'Este), for they were Leonardo's patrons and were pictured upon this same wall (see picture, page 546).

JEWEL-LIKE LAKE COMO

And Milan cannot hold any one long who remembers that Lake Como is but two short hours away, with open-air pictures far lovelier than any that Milan's rich museums hold. That is not meant to deny art's due to art. There are days when picture galleries and churches are places delectable, their glorious paintings, their statuary, their jewels of surpassing interest; but there are others when nothing compares with the matchless beauty of the great "out-of-doors." On such a day go to Como. The little town of the name at the southern end of the lake is quaint enough; it has a charming cathedral; it looks straight up to the snow-peaks, but it is not a place to linger; choose rather some quieter place farther up the lake — Cadennabia, Menaggio, Bellagio.

When people speak of the Italian lakes it is usually Como and its neighbors that are meant: Como, which is all Italian; Lugano, which is largely Swiss, and Maggiore, which is largely Italian; but there are others, very tiny perhaps, but also lovely: Orta, Varese, and to the east Iseo, Idro; above all, beautiful Lake Garda, whose upper end is Austrian. So many poets have sung their charms for twenty centuries, so many artists depicted their beauties, what remains for ungifted lovers to say? So much of history is sleeping in their shining waters, so many world-known names connected with their shores, what could one summer bring to all their memories?

BEAUTIFUL VILLA CARLOTTA

Which is the loveliest? Who knows? Undoubtedly Lake Como is the most popular. And does any visitor fail to row across its blue, satiny surfaces to the marble steps of the Villa Carlotta to see the Thorwaldsen Frieze and Canova's Cupid and Psyche? One does not need eyes to know which is the favorite. The "oh's" and "ah's", the sighs and silences, tell it; but, then, love is immortal, while war is transient. The frieze has more of history, however. Commanded of Thorwaldsen by Napoleon I to adorn the palace of the Quirinal, it was not yet completed when the Empire fell. Twelve years later Count Giovanni Battista Sommariva had it finished and placed in his villa here. The triumph of Alexander of Macedon cannot seem quite at home in gardens where nightingales sing—Psyche suits the environment.

The Villa Carlotta—it was Sommariva, but in 1843 a certain Princess of Prussia bought it and named it for her little daughter, Charlotte, afterward Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, long since dead, to whose family the villa still belongs—is not the only lovely one upon this radiant, pleasure-loving lake, nor are its gardens the only ones whose wonderful flowers bloom. So many gardens there are, and so many lovely views from every one, such marvelous color changes on lake and mountain as clouds drift by or sun and moon go down, such a succession of radiant sunny days and starry, perfume-

filled nights, that all too soon a springtime passes, a summer is gone.

LUGANO'S NATURAL BEAUTY

Lugano is quite a different lake from Como, although so near—but a single rocky ridge, an outlying spur of the great Alpine chain, between. It is wonderfully picturesque, with its steep, wooded sides and quaint towns, pink and yellow and mauve, staged upward from the lake like galleries at a theater. If there are fewer luxurious villas, fewer overrich gardens, there is more of romantic naturalness.

On Como one senses luxuriously a civilization 2,000 years old; on Lugano one feels ageless nature's unmatched loveliness. If largely Swiss politically, in appearance Lugano is wholly Italian—the half-wild Italian which recalls the ancient, freedom-loving Celt, not that which reminds us of polished Rome.

It is all the difference between strawberries and strawberries. I am not sure, but I think they ought to grow in Como gardens big, red, juicy, sweet, comfortable, and comforting fellows, each one almost a meal. I do not know at all, but there should grow upon Lugano hillsides the little spicy, deep-red, fragrant berries no bigger than a thimble, which make one work for every mouthful, but whose flavor exceeds the garden variety as the sun exceeds the moon. There will always be those who can see no good at all in one or the other; so it is with the lakes. There are those that in moods like both, and to these I belong.

SEEING LAKE MAGGIORE

Lake Maggiore is almost as well known, as much traveled, as Como. Its individuality is just as strong as that of the other two; to see one is by no means to see all. One must travel up and down it by boat in the morning light and in the sunset glow. One must make excursions along its shores and to the Borromean Islands, which float so picturesquely on its surface. One must climb the rocky hillsides about it and get new and surprising views of its size and splendor. One must see it in storm as well as sunshine; see the white snow to northward sharply defined against the blue sky; look in vain for peaks that are hidden in swirling masses of mist and cloud. Is it lovelier than Como? Ah, well—that, too, depends upon the point of view (see pp. 548-549).

In crossing the plain of Lombardy, that plain so dotted with rich old cities and lovely lakes that one ought to find no temptation to turn to right or left, the idler who listens to the voices of the wind is apt to be reminded of Lombardy's rivals, of Genoa's peers; his steps turn aside to Pisa, with its leaning tower; to Florence, with its treasury of art. Hard indeed it is to pass them by; but did we go, Rome, too, would beckon—Perugia, Assisi, how many more? Not for us today is it to walk in the Boboli garden, to linger in the Pitti Palace or the Uffizi; not for us to chatter under the arches of the Ponte Vecchio, to sit silent in San Croce, to see Ghiberti's marvelous doors or Giotto's soaring tower.

One may not squeeze Florence in between two tamer cities as one does the meat in a sandwich. Too much of history, of art, of beauty, of very human passion and divine inspiration, is mixed with her mortar, built with her stones, to be satisfied with half-hearted attention.

VERONA IS THOROUGHLY ITALIAN

Then, too—whether it be the English accent heard continually in her streets, the large English colony that for generations has tenanted her ancient palaces; whether it be the crowds of tourists of all nationalities one meets in every gallery and garden and church—Florence does not today give the impression of a thoroughly Italian city, not as Verona, for instance, is Italian. As a great museum of art, Florence is without rival; as an open page of Italian life—Basta! who am I to judge her!

Verona suffers at tourist hands today from her situation as she once profited by it long ago. Travelers passing westward are too satiated with the glories of Venice to observe her; going eastward they are too eager for the sea to tarry by the way. The train leaves Brescia's picturesque towers behind and presently skirts the southern shore of Lake Garda, whose marvelous blue draws the eye up

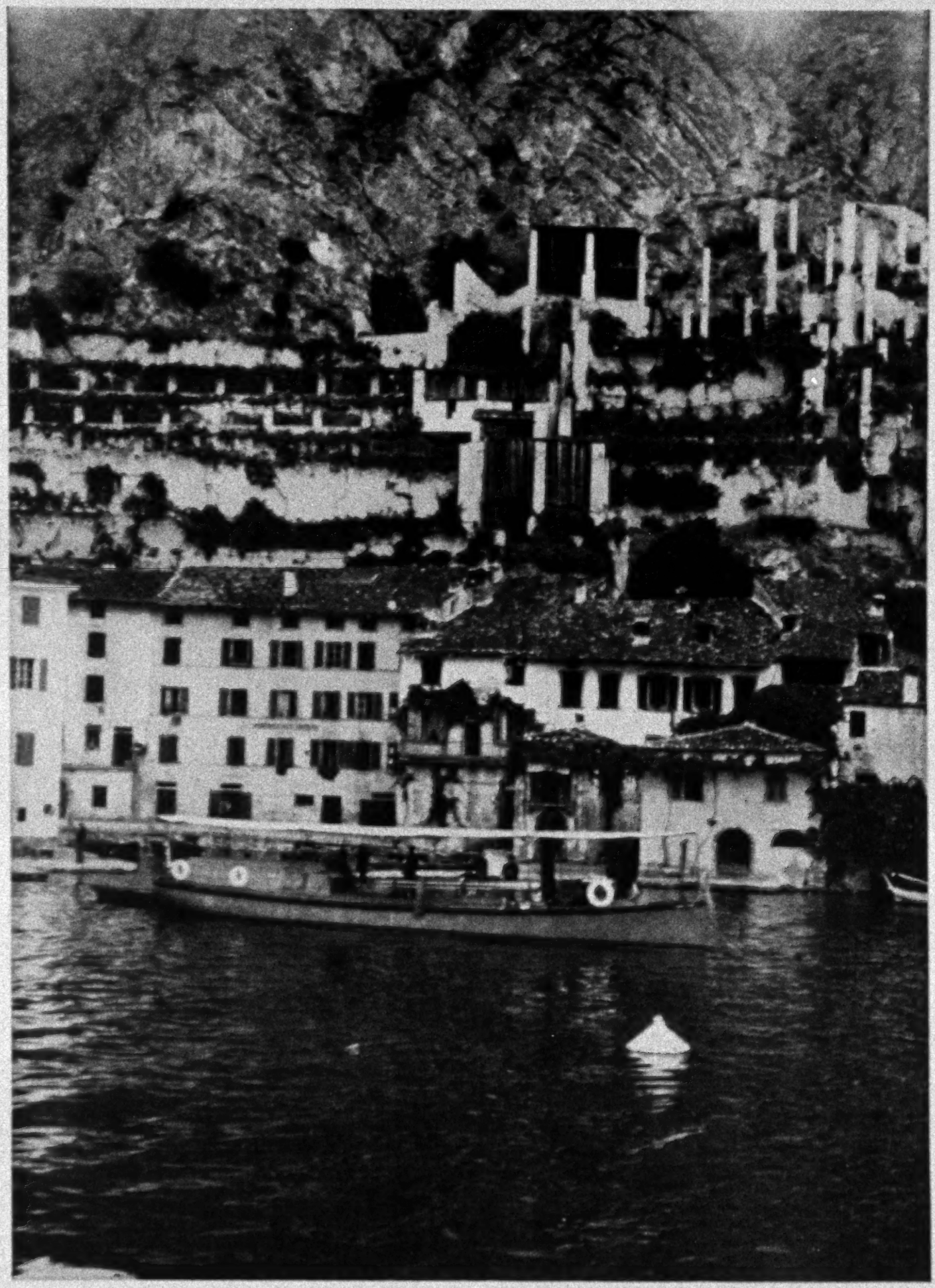


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

LIMONE, THE LAST TOWN UPON LAKE GARDA'S WESTERN SHORE BELONGING TO ITALY

Perched upon a steep slope among its lemon trellises and olive groves, it smiles invitingly in the sunshine. As the frontier is but a short distance to the northward, there is usually to be found in the harbor one or more armed boats (*torpediniere*) belonging to the customs, whose searchlights at night play over the lake's surface on the lookout for smugglers.

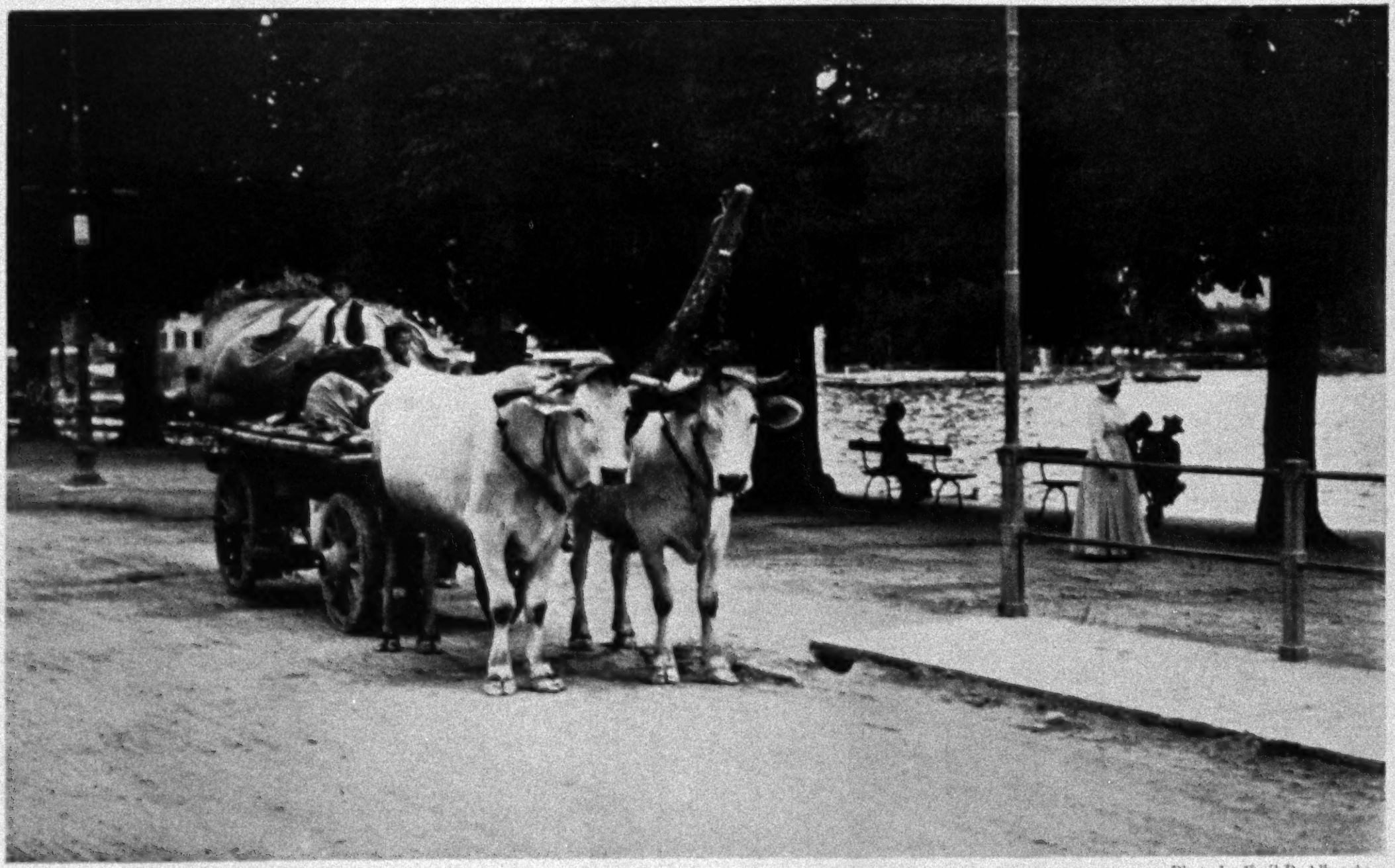


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

ALONG THE QUAY BY LAKE GARDA, ON THE AUSTRIAN END OF THE LAKE

The quay is bordered by double rows of horse-chestnut trees, which cast a welcome shade. The great creamy oxen yoked to the high upward-turned pole of the heavy wagon are a familiar and picturesque note in a lovely scene

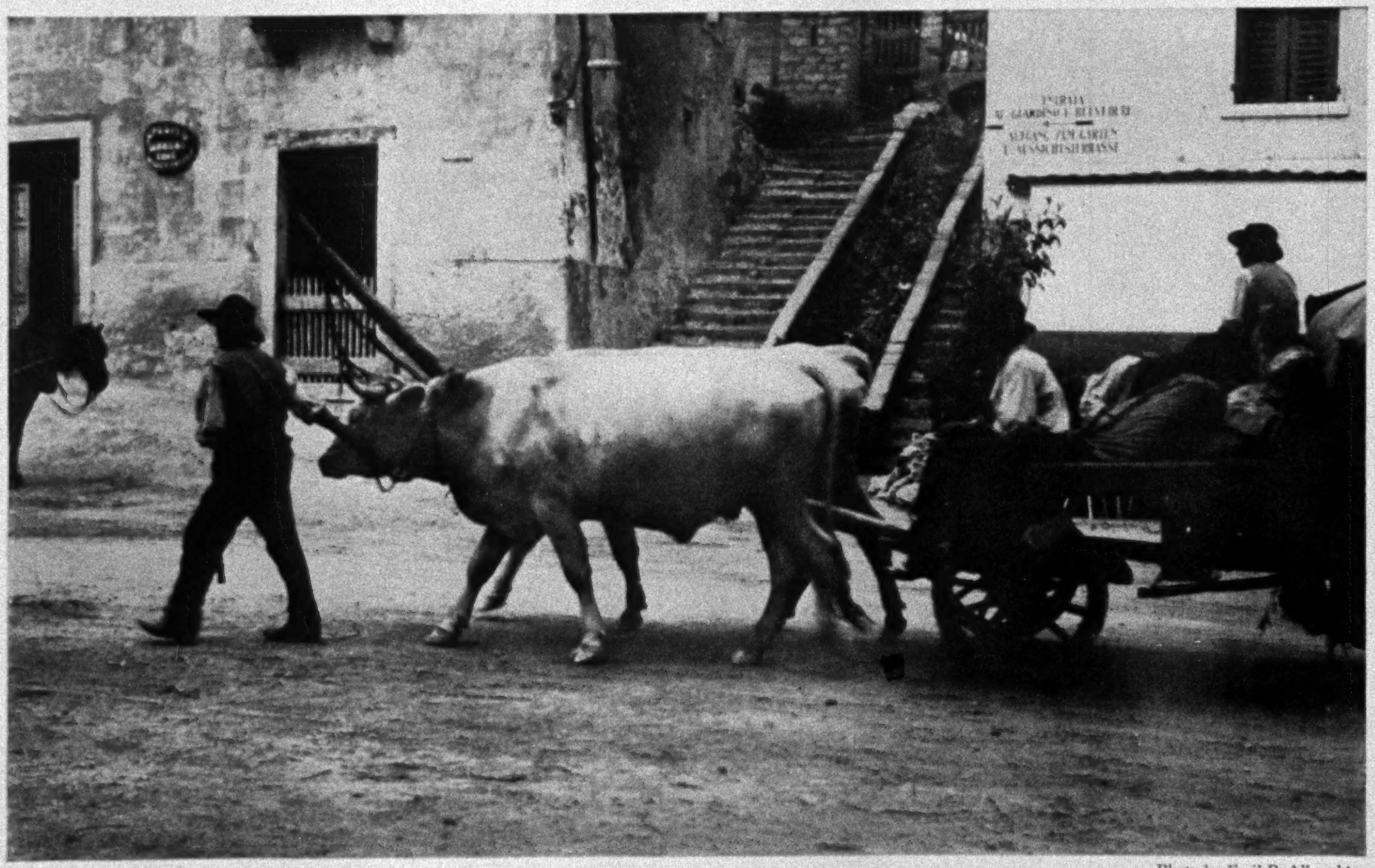


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

SCENE IN RIVA, AT THE AUSTRIAN END OF LAKE GARDA

The ox-team is in general use around Riva, their great strength and slow, steady pull enabling them to draw heavy loads over the mountain roads. They are beautiful creamy creatures, well groomed and shining. The pole is a picturesque feature of all the ox-carts of this region. "One hundred years of Austrian rule have not made of Trent, the most prosperous little city of south Tyrol, or Riva, the picturesque port upon Lake Garda, anything but Italian towns" (see text, page 541).

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PIAZZA DELLE ERBE; VERONA

Note the fading frescoes on the old palace to the right and the Venetian lion on his stately pedestal. The lady of the fountain is Madonna Verona, an antique statue, much restored; about her feet the market women freshen their flowers and wash their vegetables. The market here is the most varied, most picturesque, most "Italian" in all the world. Writing of Verona, Ruskin says: "She has virtually represented the fate and beauty of Italy to me."

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL, A ROMANESQUE STRUCTURE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY, WITH GOTHIC WINDOWS OF THE FIFTEENTH: VERONA

This west doorway is most beautiful, with its delicate and well-preserved carvings. Behind the two columns which, resting upon the backs of griffins (or lions), support the canopy, are two small figures in rough belief, which, according to an inscription of 1135, represent Roland and Oliver, the paladins of Charlemagne.

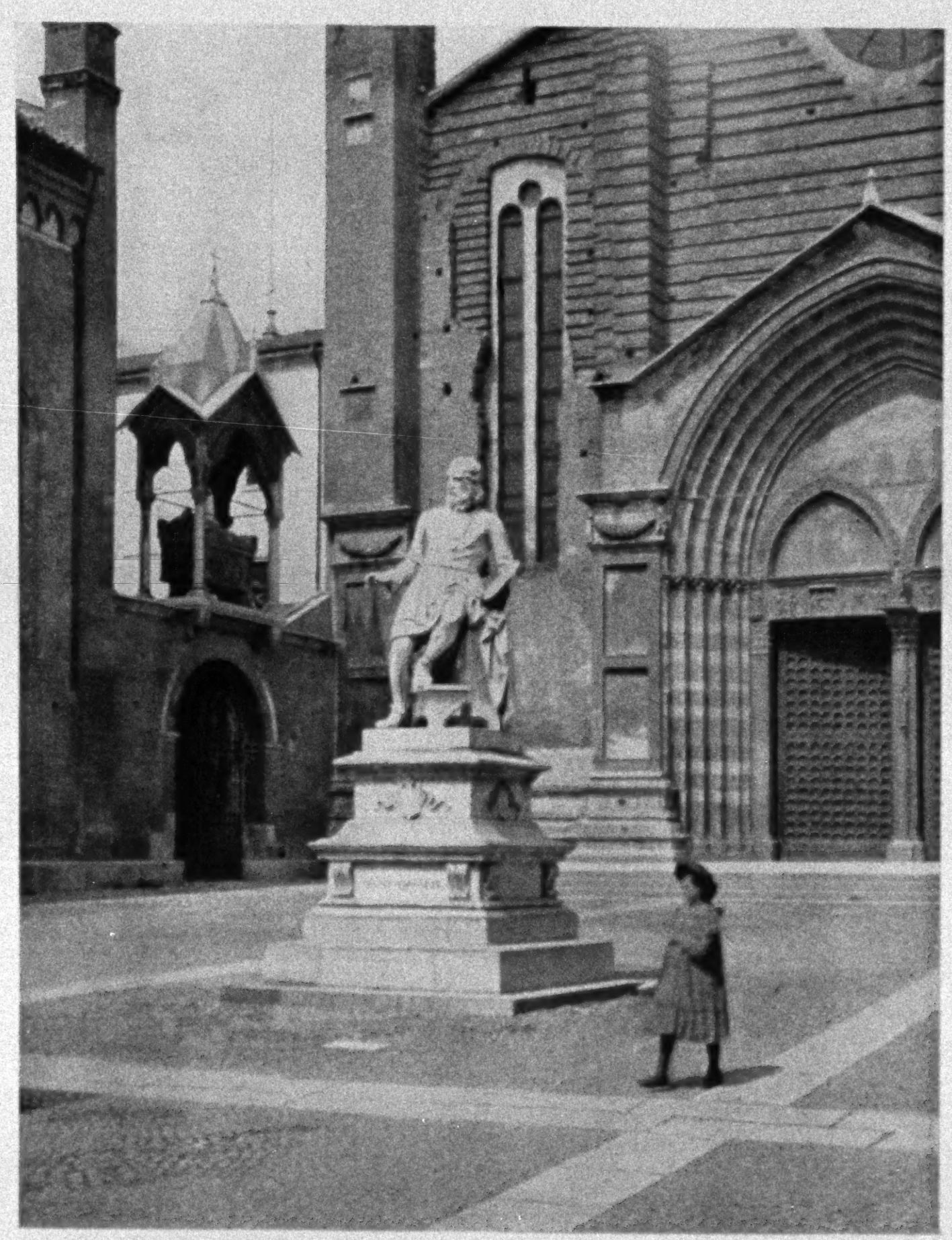


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PIAZZA SANTA ANASTASIA: VERONA

The statue is that of Paolo Caliari, usually known as Paolo Veronese (1528–1588), whose pictures adorn many of Verona's churches and museums and whom she recognizes as one of her most gifted sons. The tomb raised high above the arch in the background is that of Count Guglielmo da Castelbarco, friend of the Scaligeri, patron of Dante. Ruskin considers this Gothic tomb the finest in Verona, but few would prefer it to the magnificence of the Scaligeri tombs. The wall upon which it rests connects the old church of San Pietro Martire with that of Santa Anastasia. The brick façade of the latter is unfinished, but the marble doorway is very beautiful, and the interior is a treasury of works of art. The church was built 1290–1323, but the doorway is later by a century.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PIAZZA DEI SIGNORI: VERONA

Part of the Domus Nova—the "New House"—erected for the Podestá in the thirteenth century, but much mutilated, both by abuse and restoration. The archway leads to the Via Mazzanti and a beautiful old well. Pigeons are not quite so numerous at Verona as at Venice, but equally tame.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PIAZZA DEI SIGNORI: VERONA

Behind the statue of Dante is the Palazzo del Consiglio, or Old Town Hall, usually called La Loggia, one of the finest early Renaissance buildings in northern Italy. It was built 1476–1493. When Columbus sailed to discover America it was having its finishing touches

and away to the hills, green in the foreground, misty violet as they rise higher into the distance, into the spaces of eternal snows. The rugged valley of the Adige is crossed; the river spreads out on a plain, and in its folds sits Verona; but she turns her back upon the train and is passed almost unnoticed, while eyes are yet straining for the last glimpse of lake and mountains.

She does not come very close to the railroad nor show it her best side; even if one is watching, there may be disappointment. One must go to her, walk her streets, linger on her bridges, idle in her churches, gossip in her market, drink sweety syrups and eat tiny ices under her stars, absorbing every murmur of her breezes, every moaning of her ancient stones, and then one may know not Verona only, but Italy.

RUSKIN TRIBUTE TO VERONA

It is old-fashioned today to read Ruskin, but a line comes back: "She [Verona] has virtually represented the fate and beauty of Italy to me." We have not all Ruskin's eyes to see nor language to describe, but Verona's history is that of northern Italy; Verona's beauty — ah, well! there are those that deny it; Venice is so near and ever her rival. They are so different, however, these two Italian cities; there can be no comparison, so let us make none; certainly Verona was the richest and loveliest city on the Venetian "terra firma."

Just when the few little hillocks by the Adige came to be tenanted no one certainly knows, but Rhætians, Euganeans, and Cenomani had come and gone before Verona became a Roman colony, in 89 B. C. Seated by a great river coming straight from the Alps, a swift highway for every ambitious northern tribe, it was inevitable that Verona should suffer and profit from invasion. "There are no tragedies like the tragedies of Verona under the Gothic and Lombard kings;" but through them all the city prospered fairly; the history written in blood and passion lends her beauty to that tragic veil which so adorns her today.

Much beloved she ever was by her conquerors. Theodoric the Ostrogoth, the Dietrich of Bern of German legend, loved to linger there, although Ravenna was his capital. On the fortified height of Veronetta, the little old city on the Adige's left bank, he built a spacious castle and fortress and robbed the old Roman structures, the Theater and the Arena, to strengthen his fortifications.

ROSAMUNDA'S TRAGEDY

Fifty years later Rosamunda, wife of the Lombard King Alboin (568), gave Verona one of its gruesome tragedies. Rosamunda's father, Cunimond, King of the Gepidæ, third of the Gothic nations who maintained a home in the Balkan plain, had been conquered by Alboin and slain, his skull being mounted as a drinking cup for the victor. Rosamunda, prize of conquest, became Alboin's bride.

One evening at Verona, flushed with many successes, inflamed by much beady wine, Alboin forced his consort to drink a toast with him from her father's skull. Now, Rosamunda had naturally never loved Alboin, and had loved, with none too nice taste or discrimination, the King's armor-bearer and, so rumor has it, one or two of his men. Hate flamed in her heart and tools for vengeance lay ready to her hand; her lovers were easily incited to slay the King.

It profited Rosamunda little, however. Verona rose against the murderers. She and the two men fled, but never so fast that punishment could not overtake them. One was slain; the other she caused to be poisoned, and he, dying, slew her. Alas! Verona can tell more than one such tale.

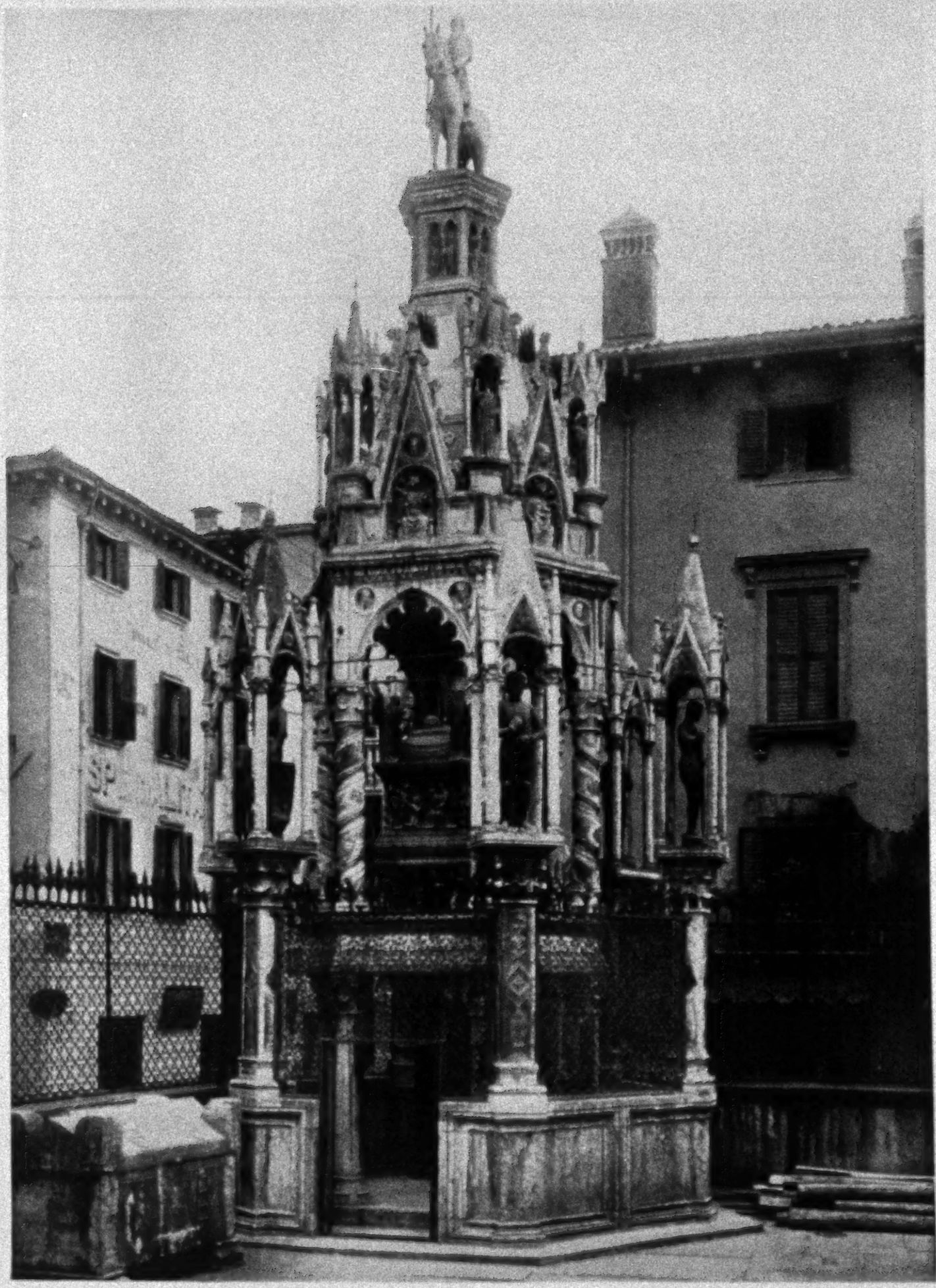
PEPIN'S LOVE FOR VERONA

The Frankish rulers loved Verona too; Pepin, son of Charlemagne, made it his best-beloved town and Charlemagne himself tarried gladly there. One of his wives was Desideria, daughter of the last Lombard King, Desiderius, and Charlemagne's repudiation of her adds another to Verona's sorrowful tales. But it is with the della Scala family that Verona reaches her greatest importance; it is after the bitter and bloody struggles of Guelphs and Ghibellines that Mastino della Scala, a man of no particular birth

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN BEAUTIFUL OLD VERONA

Where the Piazza dei Signori passes into the Via Santa Maria Antica, and the tombs of the Scaligeri, the "Signori" for whom the piazza was named and who built the palaces about it. The tombs are of the fourteenth century (see page 565). "It was in the days of the Scaligeri—that is, the rulers of the della Scala family—that Romeo and Juliet lived and loved and died. Stern history pours much cold water upon this romance, but it will not down, and hundreds of visitors to Verona who find no time for the Arena yet make a pilgrimage to Juliet's tomb" (see text, page 569).



ONE OF THE TOMBS OF VERONA'S FAMOUS RULERS

"In the Via Santa Maria Antica and adjoining the church of that name is the private graveyard of the Scaligeri. The space is tiny and the monuments large; they tower above one's head until the winged helmets of the statues cut the sky like swallows; they are conceived in sternest Gothic style, suiting the grim men whom they immortalize . . ." (see text, page 569).

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

VERONA

The Gran Guardia Vecchia, or old guard-house, begun in 1609, but enlarged and completed in 1821. Adjoining are the Portoni della Brá, a gateway and tower of the medieval fortifications.

or prestige, was elected Podestà and founded a princely family, which ruled Verona for a century and a quarter.

To them she owes most of her great palaces, much of her art, half of her fame. The tiny ladder of their crest (scala means a ladder), the swallow-tail decorations of their architecture, are found today in cities far distant from Verona—in Brescia, Parma, Lucca, far up Lake Garda and in Tyrol—for under the greatest of them, Can Grande I, the State was the largest that medieval North Italy ever saw, save for a very brief time in Gian Galeazzo Visconti's governorship from Milan. And this proud city commemorates them; for the great theater, La Scala, derives its name from this Veronese family, a certain Beatrice della Scala, wife of Bernabò Visconti, founding a church upon whose site some four centuries later this theater was built.

WHERE ROMEO AND JULIET LIVED

It was in the days of the Scaligeri—that is, the rulers of the della Scala family—that Romeo and Juliet lived and loved and died. Stern history pours much cold water upon this romance, but it will not down, and hundreds of visitors to Verona who find no time for the Arena yet make a pilgrimage to Juliet's tomb. Certain it was that two families of the names of our lovers did live once in Verona; certain also that Italian families quarreled and nursed their wrath through generations; but if one had a son, the other a daughter, if they met and loved and parted, there is no other proof than Shakespeare's page.

As to the Tomba di Guilietta—a romantic pilgrimage hurts no one in this prosaic world; but the romance must be taken with one. The cloister is very, very modern; the medieval stone in the center of the tiny close looks as much like a horse-trough as a tomb.

The house of the Capuletti is equally unbelievable. It is ancient enough, in all truth, and the narrow, dusky street, the Via Cappello, is very favorable to shy lovers; but alas! the only balcony is four stories above the pavement. Romeo certainly had a climb of it! Verona really ought to consider this; it is not fair to credulous visitors.

VERONA'S MARKET-PLACE

The gayest, the noisiest, the most picturesque market in all Italy is held in the one-time forum of the Roman city, the Piazza delle Erbe of today. Surrounded by the stately old palaces of the Scaligeri, now alas far fallen from their high estate, their frescoes fading into blurs of charming color, their marbles discolored by neglect and decay; spreading its huge umbrellas, all shades of sun-faded blues or weathered whites, over a curving 500 feet of stone pavement; heaping its flowers and fruits and greens about the trickling fountain; bargaining, buying, selling, talking, laughing with full throat as only an Italian laughs; flaming into sudden wrath or melting with pity; chanting the last new music from the opera or whistling the last gay tune of the streets; shifting and surging, ever in motion and yet ever at rest—the market is not only the pulse of Verona, it is the heart of Italy.

What is sold there? Everything. Fruits from the sunniest of orchards, the richest of vineyards; vegetables warm from the soil, crisp from the fountain; pigeons and chickens and ducks and legions of tiny birds, alive and dead; hares and rabbits and turtles—fish, flesh, and flowers. There a parrot is scolding wildly; the demure monkey behind him had a share in that tail-pulling in spite of the meditative eye with which he follows the swallows circling about the great tower. The rabbits are wriggling their anxious little noses and twitching their sensitive ears in an agony of curiosity, but the falcons sit grimly on their perches, looking disdainfully at nothing; the parrot gets no sympathy there.

A woman has brought a great arm-load of lilies to the fountain and trims their stems for the vase a sweet-faced Sister of Charity holds waiting; a little girl in a dull-blue dress scrubs carrots until they glow with the color of flame; a small boy balances a pair of snow-white bantams upon his black curls while he seeks purchasers; the mischievous monkey pelts them with a fig and looks the other way.

The fountain in the piazza has been variously ascribed to Alboin and to Pepin, but its present useful state is due to the Scaligeri, who first gave it adequate

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE PIAZZA DELLE ERBE: VERONA

Note the small boy endeavoring to chain himself to the Tribuna for the benefit of the photographer. The parrot is squawking in every language known around the Mediterranean as it watches the camera. The magnificent Palazzo Trezza (or Maffei) in the background was built in 1668. The lofty Torre del Gardello beside it is of 1370.

water supply. The statue surmounting it, Madonna Verona, is of ancient Rome, but the head is a very poor medieval restoration and the tin crown is pathetic or monstrous, dependent upon your own mood (see page 558).

THE LION OF ST. MARK (PAGE 568)

The beautiful marble column, surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, at the northern end of the piazza, was erected in 1523 by the Venetians, to whom Verona had then belonged, but for brief intervals, for more than a hundred years. The last of the Scala had been expelled by Gian Galeazzo Visconti in 1387, and thereafter the town was a pawn hotly contested by its neighbors and the German emperors until Venice took and held her until the time of Napoleon. From 1814 until 1866 she belonged to Austria.

The lion was displaced in 1797, but reërected—no longer a sign of sovereignty, but of gratitude—in 1888; one cannot fancy the market-place without him. Round about it rise the palaces of the Scaligeri, and, as already noted, upon some can yet be traced the frescoes that were the usual embellishment of Italian houses in their day. Some of Verona's most noted painters adorned these palaces—Girolama dai Libri, Liberale da Verona, Alberto Cavalli—scarcely to be mentioned, however, with the other two. What pity it is that so much skill and color and beauty must perish thus!

WHERE DANTE DWELT

Through the little Via Costa we reach the Piazza dei Signori, a small, beautifully paved square walled by palaces, as quiet and grave as the Piazza delle Erbe is colorful and noisy. Here lived the richest of the Scala; here in the days of their affluence they entertained distinguished visitors not precisely as "angels unawares," but eagerly gathered in when banished from Florence or Milan. Giotto was here, but has left no traces behind him; and Dante, who sang of Can Grande, his host, in more than one line.

There has ever been much strife over just which lines these are; those who find Can Grande in the "veltro," the greyhound, of the first canto of the Inferno, are contradicted sharply; those who maintain that the scenes of the Inferno are laid in that waste of gray rock north of Lake Garda are quickly informed that Dante sang of upper Lombardy. What matters it? Dante was here a visitor in Verona, and in the Piazza dei Signori stands his statue to attest it. The loveliest building on the piazza, perhaps the finest of its kind in northern Italy, is the Palazzo del Consiglio, usually called La Loggia (see page 562).

GRAVEYARD OF THE SCALIGERI

In the adjacent Via Santa Maria Antica and adjoining the church of that name is the private graveyard of the Scaligeri. The space is tiny and the monuments large; they tower above one's head until the winged helmets of the statues cut the sky like swallows; they are conceived in sternest Gothic style, suiting the grim men whom they immortalize; they are railed with beautiful grilles in which their tiny ladder climbs up and down and repeats itself unendingly (see page 565).

Presumably they had wives, but none are here; this is no place for ladies. Three bear equestrian statues, and on two of these the visor is lifted, and one at least smiles down upon the visitor; but the third, Mastino II, wears the visor close shut, and for that Verona tells this tale. A very successful ruler indeed, as medieval rulers go, was this della Scala, but most unscrupulous. So long as he had aught to gain, he smothered conscience; but when his life was nearly run—no della Scala lived to very great age—he began to bethink him of his sins and could not face the sun. Not even his well-beloved and faithful wife might look upon his features, so marked they were with shame; and thus he rides today with closed helmet, and 550 years after him the swallows shriek his name.

MOST PERFECT GOTHIC MONUMENT

Over a gateway near the church of Sant' Anastasia, to the left, between it and the little old church of San Pietro Martire, is another tomb, which Ruskin called "the most perfect Gothic monument in the world." It belonged to Count Guglielmo da Castelbarco, Dante's friend and host at Rovereto, in the mountains beyond Lake Garda. There is something

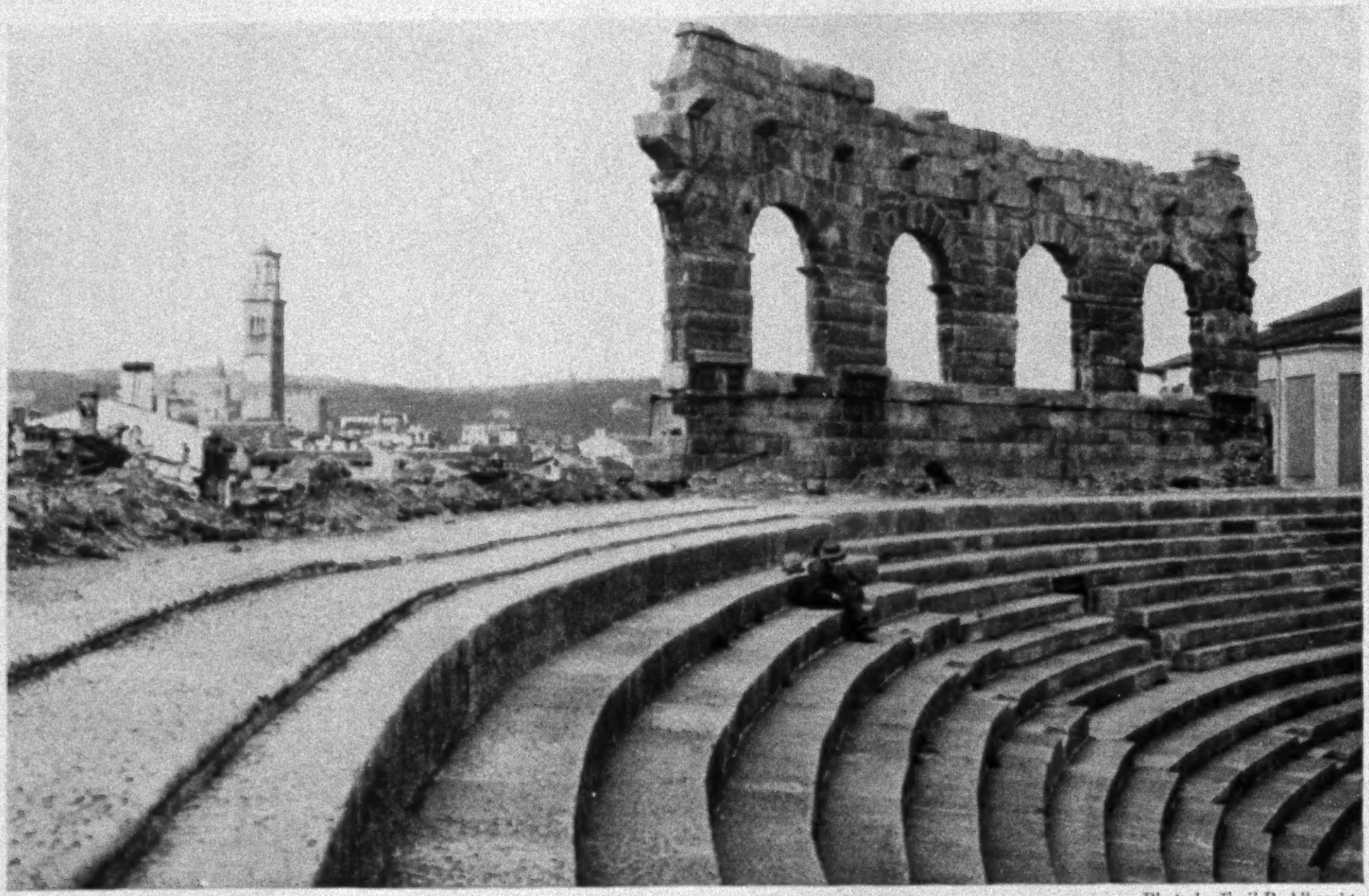


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

REMAINS OF THE OLD ROMAN ARENA AT VERONA

The four arcades above the tiers of seats are all that is left of the outer three-storied wall (ala) of the Roman arena, which was 105 feet in height, 500 feet long, and 402 feet wide and could seat 25,000 people. The tower in the distance is the Torre del Comune (272 feet), on the Piazza delle Erbe. It is the loveliest, as well as the tallest, of Verona's stately towers, and commands a wonderful view to the Alps, to Venice and Milan.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE ROMAN ARENA FROM THE PIAZZA BRÁ, OR VITTORIO EMANUELE: VERONA

In 1814 an earthquake destroyed all but these four arcades of the outer wall, or "ala." The interior has been carefully, almost too carefully, restored; but the exterior of the arena suggests at once its great age and its stupendous plan. "Originally serving for the combats of wild beasts, it was next used by gladiators, then by those awful slaughters of man by beast that marked the coming of Christianity, and fell slowly into disuse as the faith gained power" (see text, page 572).

very cheerful and sociable in the way these Veronese tombs are set about in busy places; one feels that the sleepers could not be lonely there (see page 560).

The façade of Sant' Anastasia is incomplete, but the doorway is perfect, while within, the church is a jewel-box, as indeed are most of Verona's shrines.

The cathedral is perhaps the least attractive, but not uninteresting. It was erected upon the site of a temple to Minerva very early in Christian days, but in its present form belongs to the twelfth century. Hidden behind the columns of the door—columns that rest, like San Zeno's and many another Lombard church, upon what I presumed were lions, but more scholarly folk call griffins—are two small figures in rough relief of Roland and Oliver—the paladins of Charlemagne. Were they done in Charlemagne's own time? How near they bring us to him! And for Verona they are not old; in the eight hundreds she was long past youth (see page 559).

VERONA'S ARENA

It is the Arena which speaks of that, the Arena whose three-storied outer wall is all gone but for four arcades, whose two-story inner wall, whose oval of stone seats served so often as a quarry, whose adornments all are gone. Baedeker gives its date positively as 290 A. D., but that is disputed. It was there, then, most certainly, but may be much older. In German ballads it is known as the "Home of Dietrich of Bern," but Theodoric treated it rudely, using its stones to strengthen his fortress upon that far-away hill across the Adige which was Verona's birthplace and citadel.

Originally serving for the combats of wild beasts, it was next used by gladiators, then by those awful slaughters of man by beast that marked the coming of Christianity, and fell slowly into disuse as the faith gained power. Neglected for centuries, since the sixteenth it has been gradually repaired and restored: the interior looks almost new—too much so to inspire imagination or awaken memory. It is now used frequently for small circuses, vaudeville, moving-picture shows, and gives pleasure to many humble residents of Verona (pages 570-571).

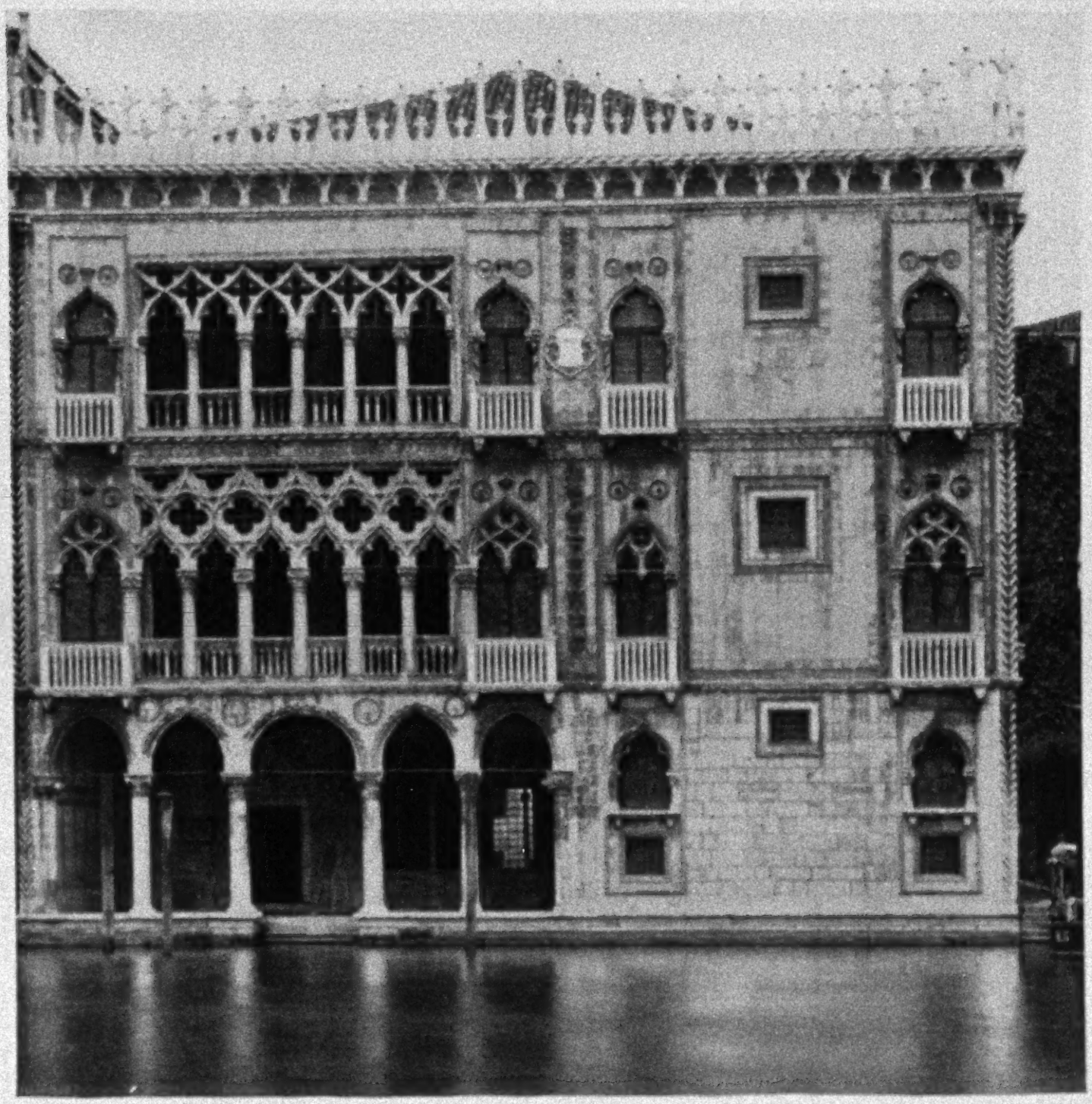
Besides the arena, the most noted Roman remain is the theater at the foot of the hill of San Pietro. Here we are in the most ancient part of Verona, but so overlaid with centuries of building that one does not readily find trace of the earliest. Part of Theodoric's palace covered the theater, and after that many houses and churches in succession. It is only within very recent years that it has come again into the light of day.

THE ADIGE'S BRIDGES

That it is beautiful, I will not say, but it is interesting; and if you want beauty, look about you at the cypresses on the hill by the castle, at the bridge spanning the swift foaming Adige. Two arches of that bridge are Roman, while the others and the tower were built by Alberto della Scala in 1298. The Adige is no respecter of bridges; more than one has gone down in its floods. It speaks well, then, for the masonry of those that remain through centuries.

The river is somewhat tamed now by the great containing walls recently erected. Its banks are not so picturesque, perhaps, but more secure. And the washer-women spread their suds and spill their voices just as merrily upon its waves and winds as before. Go down by the Ponte della Pietra and watch and listen a moment.

To San Zeno you must go and to San Fermo, and to many more old churches and ancient palaces. You must walk in the Giardino Giusti by sunset and watch the colors fade in the far-away Apennines. You must saunter some night in midsummer through the narrow, dusky streets, feeling the throbbing life of them. Perhaps a flower will fall to you from a far-away balcony; you may hear the soft call of a serenade; you will certainly catch the odor of patchouli, the fragrance of jessamine and roses; you will sit for a time in the piazza, with your frozen fruit or a tall, beady glass in which ice rattles, and watch the gay-colored, soft-voiced throng shift to and fro; and then you will stand on the bridge in the moonlight or starlight listening to the ripple of the waters, cool with the breath of the mountains; listening to the breathing of the city, the great, hot, passionate



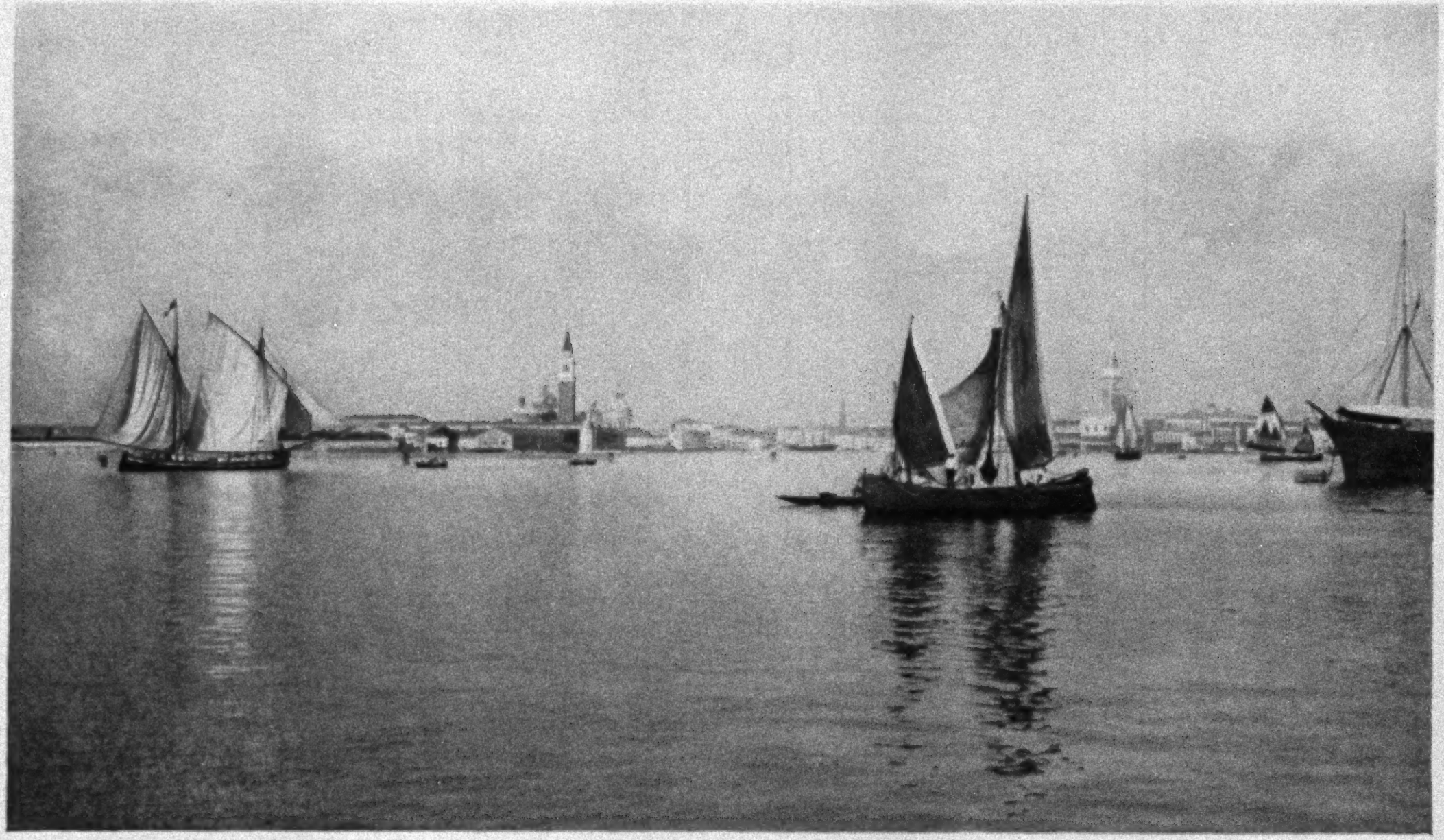
THE GOLDEN PALACE, OR CA' D'ORO: VENICE

The history of Venetian relations with the West and the East may be read in the palaces and churches of Venice. They tell of the rise and development of the Republic's commerce both in the Levant and with England and Flanders. The wealth of the rich Venetian merchants and their appreciation of the beautiful is nowhere borne witness to more strikingly than in the Golden Palace, built by Marino Contarini in 1421.

city, thinking of the centuries that have come to its building, striving to get the heart of its charm.

THE BEST OF VERIEST ITALY

At Verona our journey ends. Truthfully speaking, the city belongs rather to Venetia than to Lombardy. Its river, rushing swiftly to join the Po, turns abruptly eastward and parallels it to the sea. All other streams, all of the Italian lakes, including Garda, inclosed in this great basin drain to the Po, but the Adige will none of it; she is Venetian. Yet before a Venice was Verona was, and so she stands alone. The sovereign of an independent State; the vassal of Rome, of Lombardy, of Venice; a part of the modern province of Veneto, but neighbor to Lombardia; rich in tradition, dowered by art, unspoiled by modernity, going her own way unashamed and unafraid, Verona, for me, means the best of veriest Italy.



THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF VENICE

Situated 2½ miles from the mainland, in the lagoon, a shallow bay of the Adriatic, Venice, with its 15,000 houses and palaces, chiefly built on piles, covers 117 small islands formed by more than 150 canals and connected by nearly 400 bridges. The population of the city is about 150,000 and its industries limited mainly to ship-building, cotton and torpedo manufacturing, the production of art objects, and the keeping of open house to the vast annual tide of strangers who pass in and out of its gates.

THE WATER FRONT, SHOWING THE DUCAL PALACE IN THE CENTER

This magnificent building facing the lagoon proclaims the rich history of Venice. The foundation of the city's Eastern supremacy was laid by Doge Enrico Dandolo in 1204. It continued to grow in influence as the supreme naval power until the discovery of the new sea route around the Cape of Good Hope to India. Yet "the arts, which had meanwhile been silently developing, shed a glorious sunset over the waning glory of the mighty republic."

THE GRAND CANAL, WITH THE SPLENDID CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE IN THE BACKGROUND: VENICE

The Grand Canal is the main artery of traffic of Venice, being fully two miles in length, with an average width of 77 yards, running in the shape of an inverted S from northwest to southeast. Its depth is 17 feet, and its banks are lined with the splendid houses and great palaces of the ancient aristocracy of Venice.

THE PALACE OF CAVALLI: VENICE

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

Venice has had a remarkable history during the period contemporaneous with our own. The last Doge began his reign the year before Washington became President of the United States and abdicated the year his second term ended. That same year Venetia, by the Peace of Campo Formio, was assigned to Austria. Eight years later the Treaty of Pressburg gave it to Italy, and nine years afterward, in 1814, it was restored to Austria. In 1848 Venice declared herself a republic under the presidency of Daniele Manin, but after a siege of 15 months she was reconquered by the Austrians, who held her until 1866, when the defeat of Austria by the Prussians led to her incorporation in United Italy.

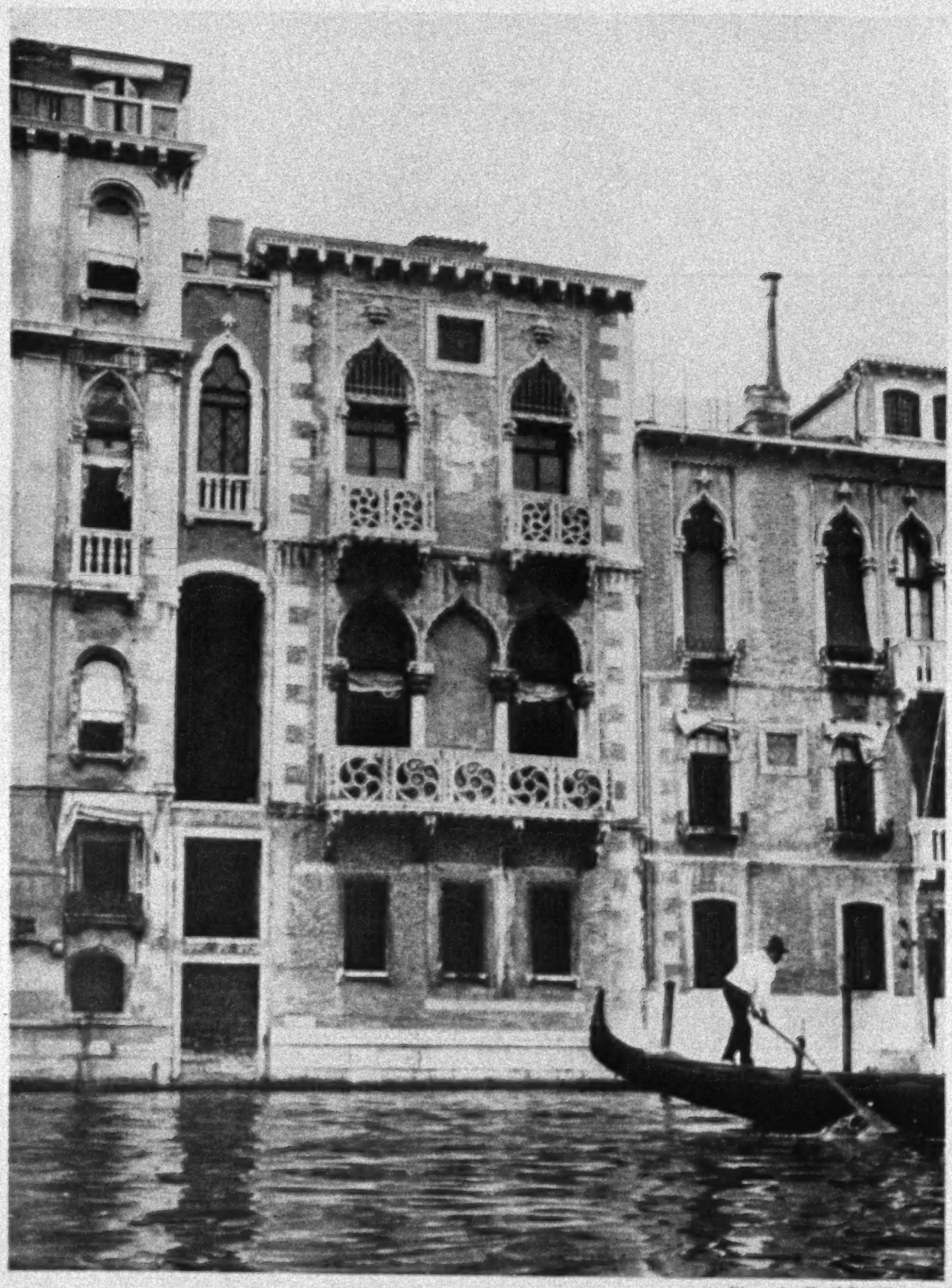


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE PALACE OF CONTARINI: VENICE

No city state, after Rome and Athens, maintained itself in the face of great calamities as did Venice. Left single-handed to fight the Turks, the Venetians went to war with them six different times in the two centuries from 1464 to 1668, upon one occasion winning the glorious victory of Lepanto.

ONE OF THE MANY CANALS OF VENICE

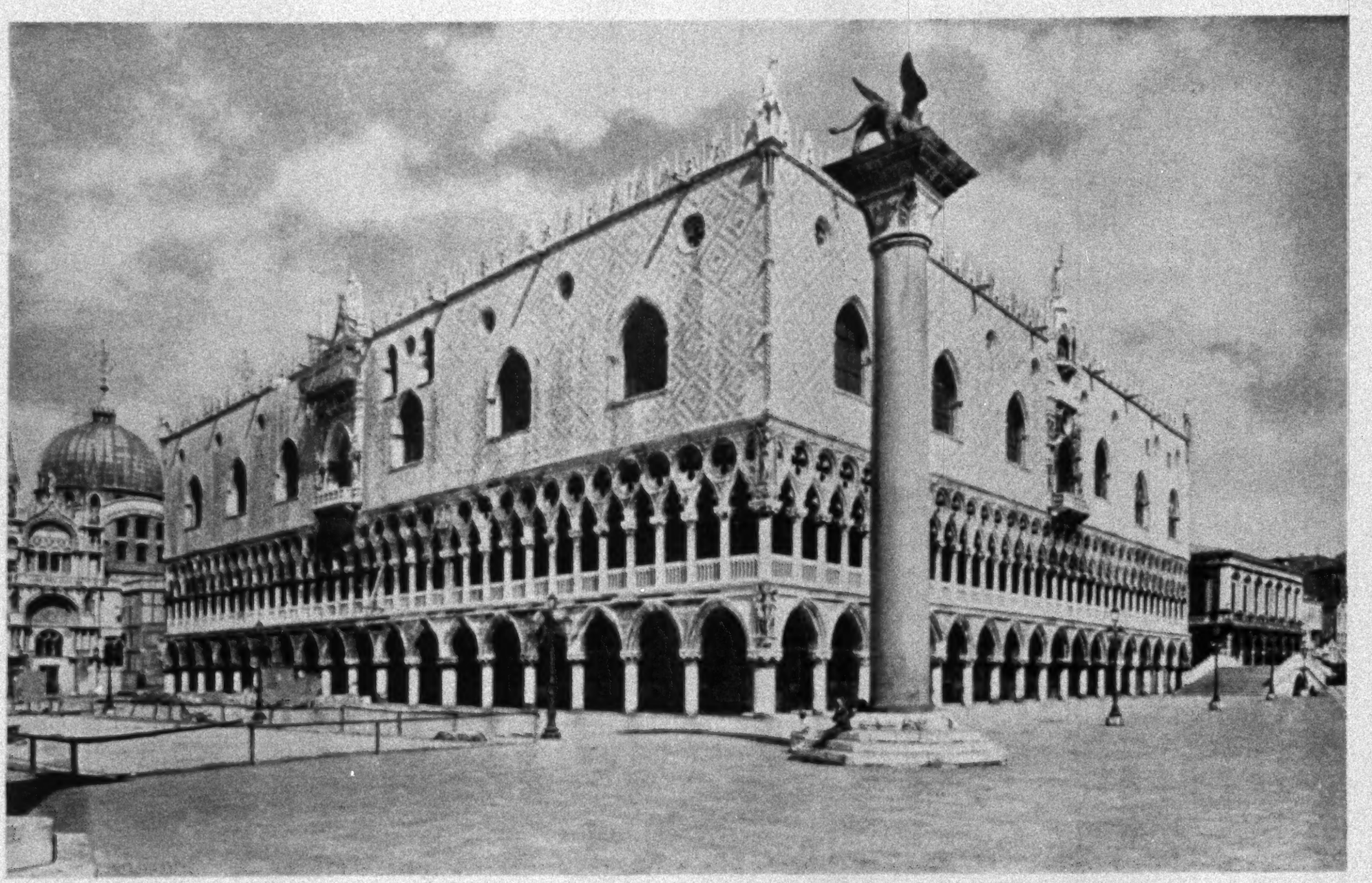
"In Venice no horse, no carriage is to be seen; nothing but the dark throng of gondolas which thread their way in and out of its canals. All firm foundations seem to sink away from one's feet, and we see only the black pliant waters from which the weather-stained houses rise up perpendicularly." This was true in the day of Charles Dickens, but since the railway came and connected the city with the mainland horses are to be seen occasionally.

THE FAMOUS RIALTO BRIDGE

For a long time this bridge was the only one which crossed the Grand Canal. Here the laws of the old republic were published at a column which bears the name of "The Hunchback of the Rialto." The bridge itself is almost as much an arcade of small shops as it is a highway across the canal, either side of the roadway being lined with these little emporiums.

A "CAB" STAND IN MODERN VENICE

With waterways for streets, Venice has gondolas and barche for "cabs." The gondola holds from four to six persons, while the barca carries eight people. There are always "hookers" at the stands to assist passengers to embark and disembark and they expect a gratuity for their services. The shouts of the gondoliers as they turn their corners are weird and melancholy.

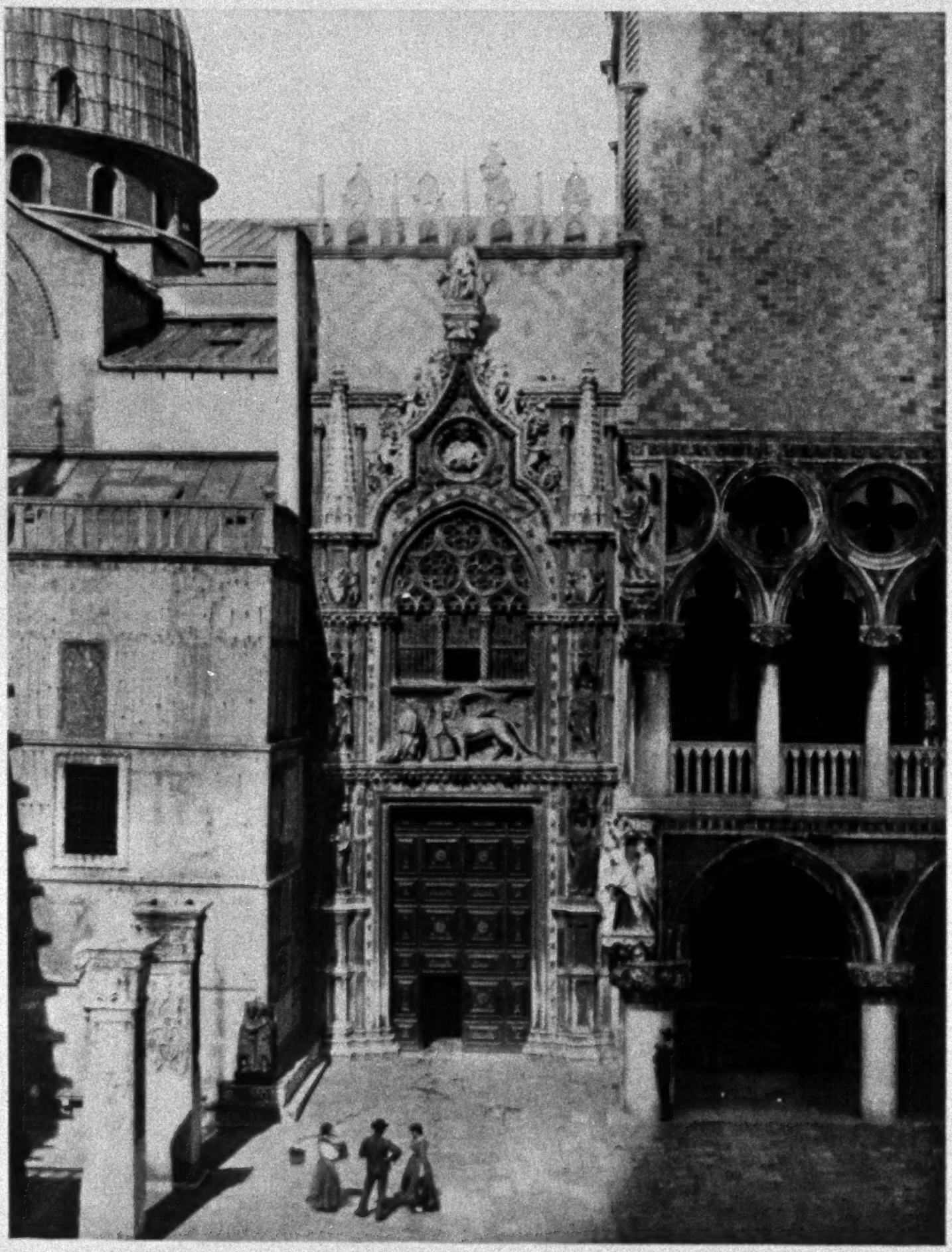


THE DOGE'S PALACE, OR WHITE HOUSE OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Note the dome of St. Mark's on the left and the famous lion of St. Mark's surmounting the column on the right. "What St. Mark's is as the expression of the religious spirit, that the Ducal Palace is to the secular power, of Venice: it has scarcely a rival even in Italy. It was begun in the 14th century and completed in the 15th after a long interruption. . . . The very position of the palace, its relation to the church of St. Mark, its two fronts—one commanding the Piazzetta and the other the sea—declare the inner significance of the building; it is the foundation, the very corner-stone, of all Venetian splendor.

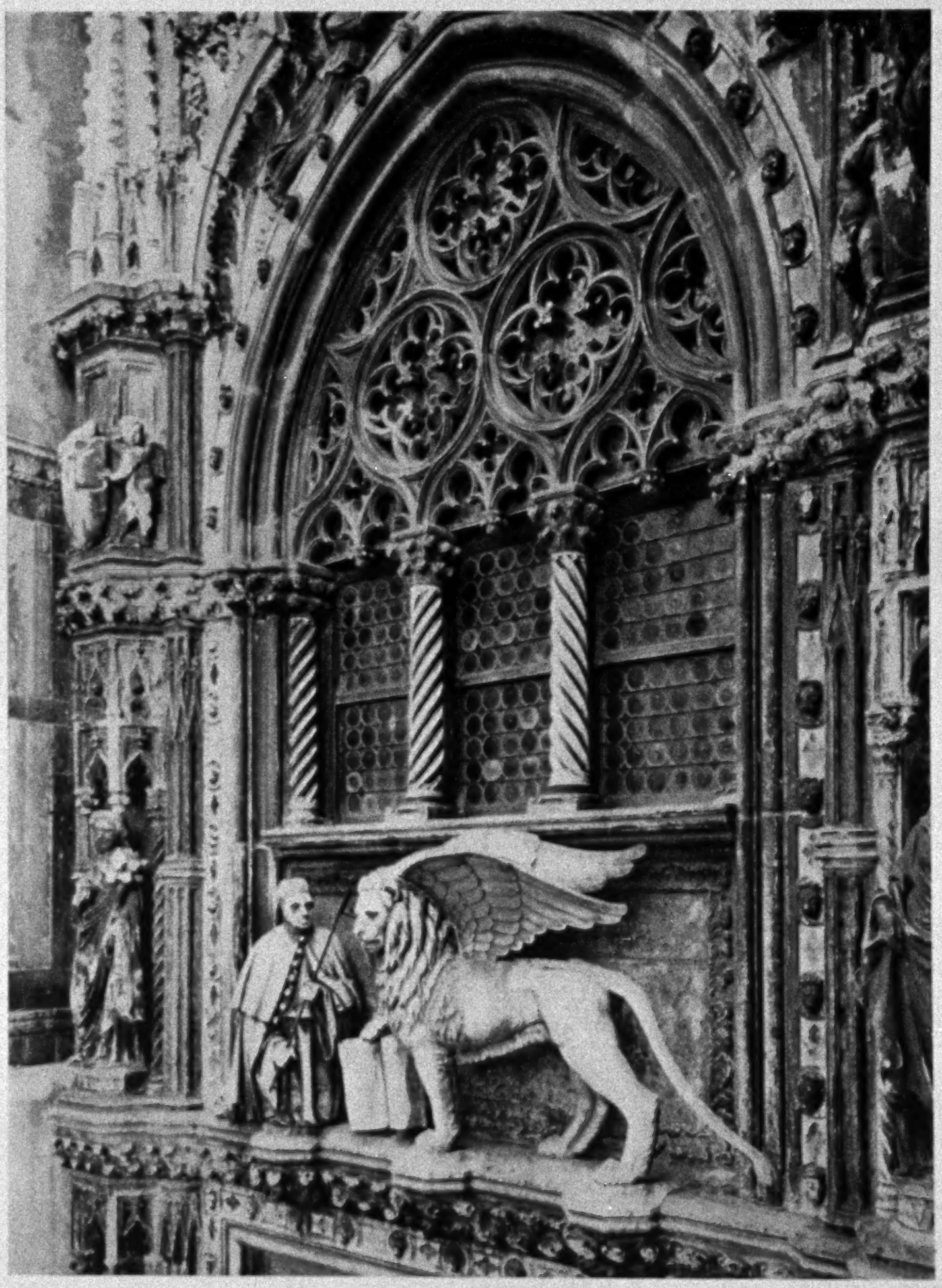
THE WONDERFUL ENTRANCE TO THE OUTER VESTIBULE OF ST. MARK'S: VENICE

The church, which is the tomb and also a memorial of the Apostle St. Mark, contains trophies from all parts of the world. The two great pillars at the entrance to the baptistery were part of the booty of Acre; the bronze folding doors were once in the Church of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople; the marble columns which stand right and left of the main portal are said to have come from the temple in Jerusalem, and the broad flagstones still narrate how Barbarossa once prostrated himself before Pope Alexander.



THE MAGNIFICENT DOORWAY OF THE DUCAL PALACE: VENICE

On its summit Venice, enthroned between her lions and with sword and scales, watches over all who enter. The doorway leads to the open court of the palace and adjoins St. Mark's Cathedral. It represents the transition period of Venetian architecture.



A DETAIL OF THE FAMOUS DELLA CARTA DOORWAY OF THE DUCAL PALACE

This doorway is late Gothic, with marked Renaissance tendencies. It is perhaps the most ornate of all the portals of Venice, being regarded by some as overdone. The Lion of St. Mark, before which the Doge Francesco Foscari kneels, is a restoration, the original having been destroyed during the French Revolution. In the niches by the sides, the virtues—Courage, Prudence, Hope, Charity—watch over the entrance.

THE COLUMN OF THE WINGED LION IN THE PIAZZETTA: VENICE

This striking column, with its splendid capital, proclaims to the present-day world the fact that Venice once captured Tyre. With its companion column it was brought to the Piazzetta, where they laid for half a century before an engineer appeared who was capable of raising them into position (see page 582).

VENICE*

By Karl Stieler

MIDNIGHT is past; a boat glides through the narrow canals, the figure of the gondolier shows like a black shadow, and a sepulchral cry, "Giaè, giaè!" sounds as the gondola shoots past the sharp corners. The moon is high in the heavens, but her light reaches not to these narrow watery ways. Only a few twinkling stars peep between the tall houses, and now and then a tardy light glimmers behind some barred window. Hark! Who goes there? Behind a half-opened door that is nearly on a level with the water a girl peeps forth and then hurriedly scuds away; ours is not the gondola she was waiting for. On the marble steps that lead down from noble doorways to the water sleepers are lying stretched. From time to time a boat glides past us, so close that the sides almost graze each other; the gondoliers greet each other with secret signs, and we peer curiously at the masked figures reclining on the cushions. Then all is still again, and we hear nothing save the lapping of the water against the keel and the splash of the oar.

We listen, and now strange sounds meet our ears. Far away there, beyond the Lido, murmurs the sea in which the Doge was wont to throw his golden ring in token of betrothal. It is the hour of flood, and the tide, slowly rising, fills the lagoons and flows into the Canal Grande, among the palaces of the proud old names.

> "All is still; the sea breathes only,
> Sighing deep, lamenting sore,
> Knocks the Doge's bride, deserted,
> At each lordly palace door."

And that, really, is what we seem to hear; we feel the power of the great deep, but we do not see it; we are imprisoned in a labyrinth of narrow watery paths, which cross and are tangled endlessly in one another and lead — who knows whither?

IMPRESSIONS OF VISITORS

Some such impression as that above described is felt by a traveler arriving at night by the train from Mestre and then rowing from the station into the city. No horse, no carriage, is to be seen; nothing but the dark throng of gondolas which thread their way in and out with snake-like agility. All firm foundations seem to sink away from one's feet, and we see only the black, pliant waters, from which the weather-stained houses rise up perpendicularly. The sad, gloomy hues which they display, even in broad daylight, become mere dreary darkness by night, and the long, intricate voyage has in truth something Stygian about it! Disappointment makes us dumb.

The May sun was shining brilliantly when we entered the Piazza of St. Mark the next day. Who has not felt the enchantment of such sunshine, breathing of spring and morning, penetrating the soul with an awakening power? Now the dark veil was lifted that lay last evening over Venice; now the sea was blue, and the old gray blocks of stone of which the palaces are built looked bright and strong, and the delicate open-work of the façades glittered in the light. She is still alive, the silent city of the Doges! With full hands she pours out her treasures; with wondering eyes we contemplate her marvelous form; but St. Mark's is the very heart of her.

A FAMOUS SQUARE

The Piazza di San Marco is closed in on all four sides, and although the piazzetta adjoins it on the northeast, the unity of the picture is not destroyed by it. On the right and left stretch out the huge rows of buildings called the *procuratie*. The lower stories consist of open arcades, under which the crowd throngs; the upper have rows of columns whose structure combines grace and vigor.

The *procuratie* are joined by a cross wing (the edifice called the Ala Nuova), which terminates the piazza on the west. At the opposite end there lies before us St. Mark's Church, with its great cupolas and porches, its marble minarets and

* From "Italy, from the Alps to Mt. Etna."

mythic figures—the wonder of Venice! Immediately in front of it stands the colossal mast, or flagstaff, from which once floated the banners of conquered kingdoms, and the Campanile, where the bells of St. Mark's sound (see page 587).

VENICE A SPHINX

Here for the first time we realize the wide-spread power of Venice, that fairy city which sprang not from the earth, but the sea; still touched with the glamour of the East, and yet mistress of all Western culture—so rich in arts and arms, in loves and hatreds! Venice is a sphinx whose enigma we never wholly penetrate. In vain we strive to find an image that shall express her mysterious essence. The unique brooks no comparisons.

As in the old times, even so today, the center of life and movement is the Piazza of St. Mark's, although it offers but a pale shadow of the life of former days. Here on sunny mornings all the foreigners assemble; here lounge the *ciceroni*, and on the neighboring piazzetta the gondoliers. Itinerant vendors of all kinds push their way among the chairs that are set out in front of the cafés under the open arcade.

But the most brilliant spectacle is at night, when hundreds of gas-jets are alight in the huge bronze candelabra, when the gold sparkles in the jewelers' windows and the sound of gay music is borne across the piazza. Then the crowd gathers from all sides. Here come the *nobili* with their wives. The gondolas throng to the piazzetta, and the *merceria* seems far too narrow for the press of people.

But the Piazza di San Marco seems almost to grow and widen in the blue moonlight that peeps down into the dazzle of gas and then hides coyly behind the pillars of the *procuratie*. It seems as if its rays had touched the faces of the fair women whose delicate pallow is renowned. They trail their rustling garments over the marble pavement, leaning carelessly on their husbands' arms, while their glowing glances stray far and wide above the rim of the black fan they carry.

A PICTURE OF NIGHT LIFE

The noise and the passion which runs through the publicity of Italian life continue deep into the night; then last hasty words are spoken, yet one more stolen glance is shot from beautiful eyes, and the happy individual for whom it is intended understands the farewell. Around the steps of the piazzetta—all of white marble, so that you cannot miss them, even at night—the gondolas gather again and then separate on their different ways through the dark and dead-silent canals.

On the great piazza the lights are extinguished in the candelabra, the music ceases, and stray boatmen stretch themselves to sleep on the bases of the columns. Further and further the moonlight advances into the center of the piazza, the echo of the last footstep dies away in San Moise, and then all is silent throughout the vast space.

But morning succeeds to night. At an early hour next day, when everything was full of life and sunshine, we stepped beneath the portal of the church of St. Mark, which stands alone amidst all temples of the world. Although age and the moist sea air have spread their veil over these walls, yet the brilliant coloring and the mighty outlines shine through all the gray dimness of the past. The bronze horses above the great door are rearing; the cupolas and arches stretch their great curves in intensity of power; each portion of the huge building seems alive and animated; yet in the whole reigns the profound and noble peace proper to the house of God (see page 589).

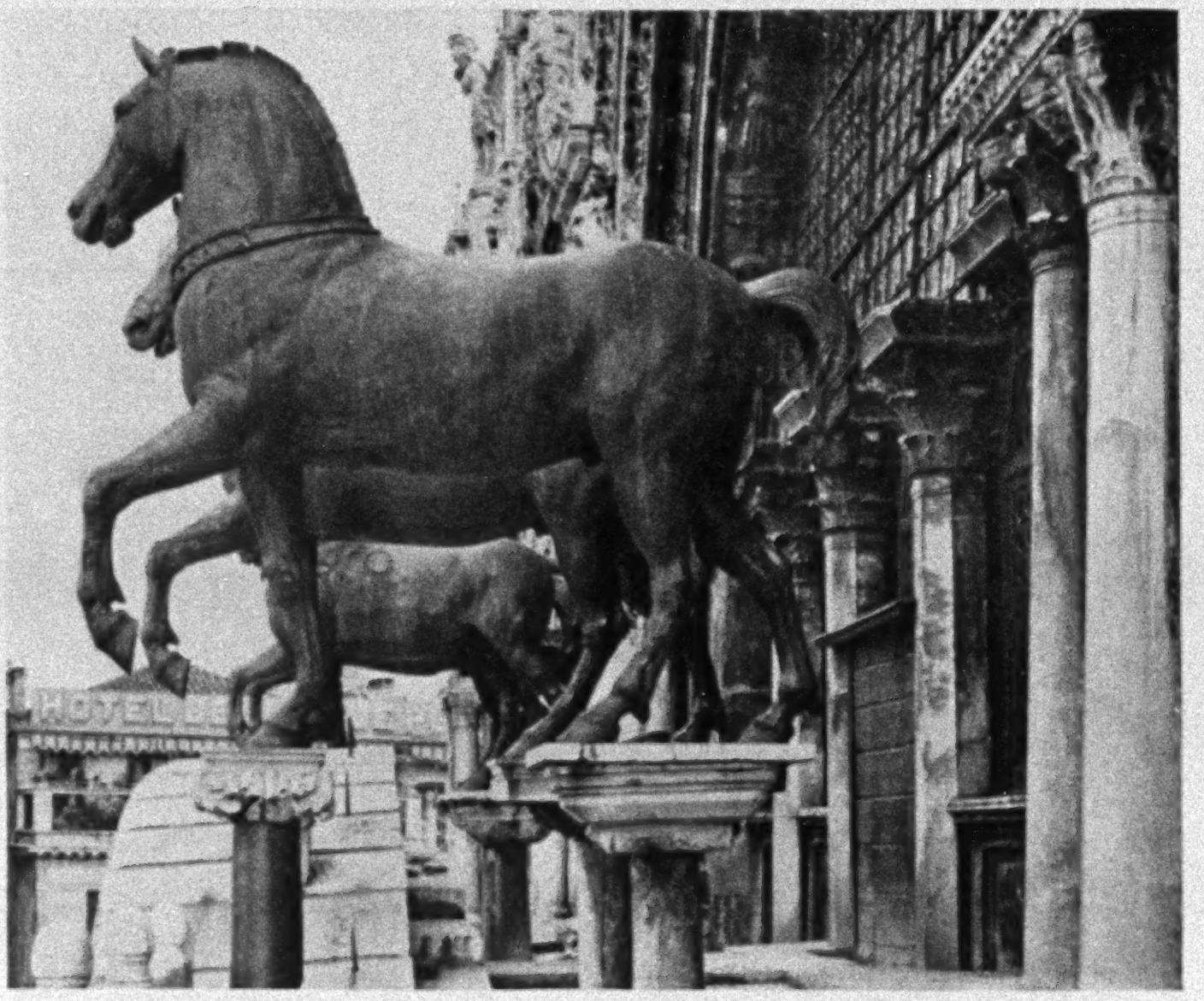
DETAILS OF ST. MARK'S

It is difficult to shake off the grand impression of this whole sufficiently to examine the rich abundance of details which are displayed before us, almost every one of deep historical interest, almost every one of perfect beauty.

It is now exactly 800 years ago since the building of St. Mark's was completed; its ecclesiastical sanctity is bestowed on it by the relics of the great evangelist; its historical sanctity consists in its intimate connection with the fortunes of the city and of her rulers. It was the theater of their triumphs and

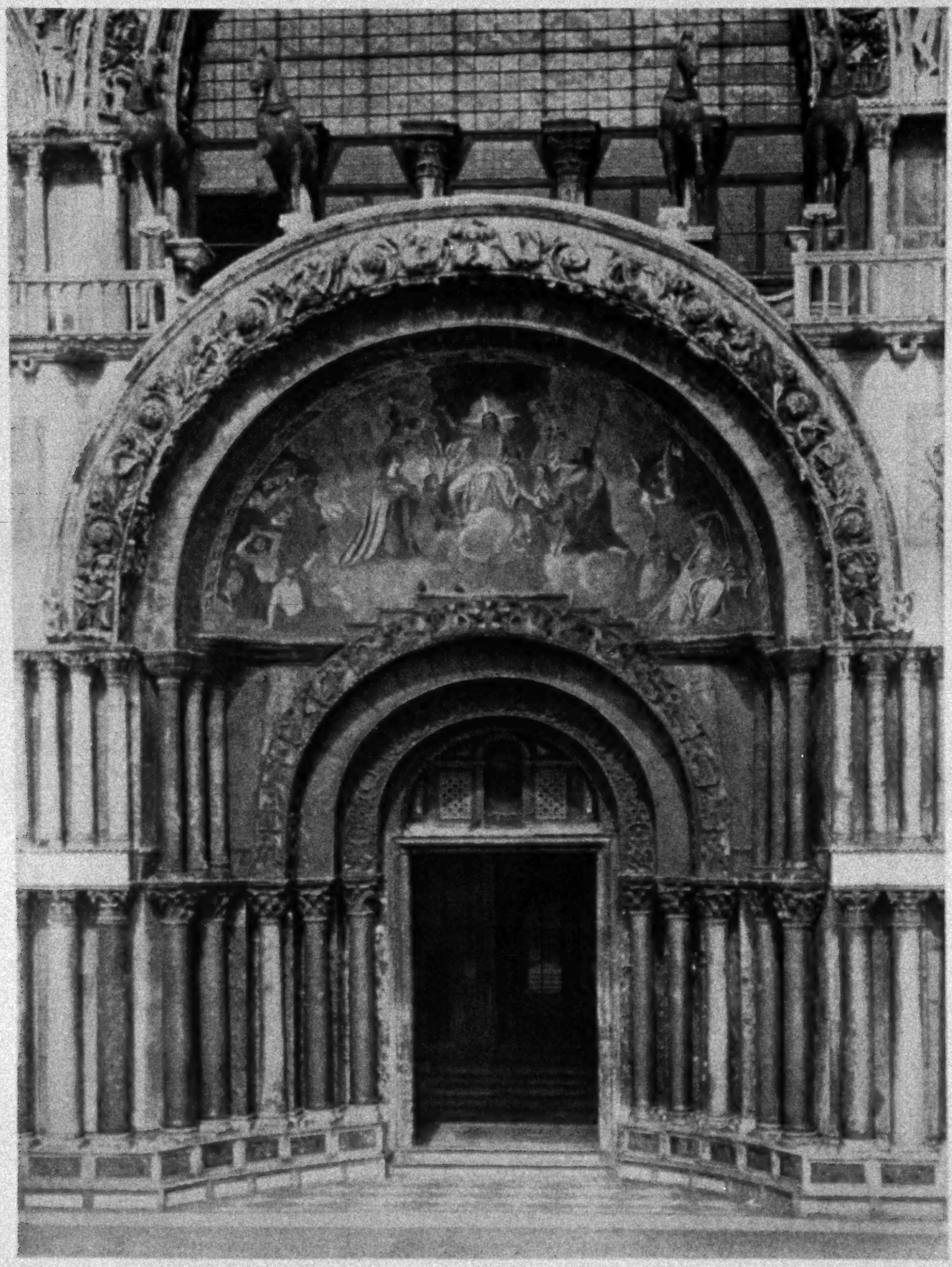
THE WONDROUS CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK AND THE CAMPANILE: VENICE

"There rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory."—RUSKIN.



THE CELEBRATED BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S, WHICH, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND AUSTRIA, HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM VENICE, SO AS TO BE SAFE FROM AVIATOR AND CANNON

No small part of the world's history is connected with the four magnificent bronze horses which stand over the main portal of St. Mark's. It is said to be almost certain that once they adorned the triumphal arch of Nero, from which they were removed to adorn those of Trajan and subsequent emperors. When Constantine founded Constantinople he took them to adorn the hippodrome of his New Rome, from whence they were carried from Venice and placed in their present position. There they remained until 1797, when Napoleon took them to Paris to adorn his triumphal arch in the Place de Carrousel. In 1815 the Austrians, to whom Venice was assigned, restored them to St. Mark's. As one views St. Mark's main façade across the piazza, he feels with Ruskin: "It is a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the press of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst. Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the birds that haunt them: for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion of the tints, hardly less lovely, that has stood unchanged for 700 years."



THE MAIN DOORWAY TO ST. MARK'S; VENICE

"The Venetian Republic (down to the French Revolution) was the one part of Western Europe which never at any time formed a part of any Teutonic Empire,—Gothic, Lombard, Frank, or Saxon. Alone in the West it carried on unbroken the traditions of the Roman Empire, and continued its corporate life without Teutonic adulteration. Its peculiar position as the gateway between East and West made deep impress upon its arts and architecture."—GRANT ALLEN. Note the bronze horses above the doorway.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE DOVES OF ST. MARK'S

The doves of St. Mark's Cathedral are almost as much the feature of the broad piazza as the great campanile itself. The visitor cannot enter there without attracting the doves, which flutter down at his feet in expectation of peas and grain. For a long time these birds were fed at public expense, but now they depend on private charity.

the refuge for their cares; all that she has achieved and suffered Venice has done under the protecting wing of St. Mark.

On looking toward the main façade, we are overpowered by the mass which has been piled up by the wealth of the city and the fertility of her creative power. Five mighty arches, supported on noble columns, form the entrance to the outer vestibule, and the bronze doors leading into the interior, the mosaics upon a background of gold, the many-colored marbles—all these make so profound an impression on us that we stand still and gaze upward in bewilderment. Each by itself is a wonder! (page 583).

It is known that the famous group of four horses, which stands above the main portal, is of the antique Roman period and was for a long time in Byzantium, the capital of the Empire of the West. The Doge Dandolo, at the age of 95, led on the Venetians to the storming of Constantinople (1203). He was nearly blind, but a fiery life still glowed in his veins; his name indicates the apex of the Venetian military power; his monument consists of the noblest architectural treasures of the city (see page 590).

TROPHIES FROM EVERYWHERE

The Church of St. Mark contains trophies from all parts of the world; every stone has a history. Those two great pillars at the entrance to the baptistery were part of the booty of Acre. The bronze folding doors were once in the Church of St. Sophia at Stamboul. The marble columns, which stand right and left of the main portal, are said to have been taken from the Temple in Jerusalem. The broad flagstones on which we stand—three squares of red marble—still narrate to us how Barbarossa once prostrated himself before Pope Alexander: *"Non tibi, sed Petro." "Et Petro et mihi!"*

In examining the mosaics which fill the vaulted roof we find ourselves in the midst of the Old Testament history; among forms which, with all their hardness, are yet not devoid of fervent expression and, with all their Byzantine stiffness, have still much earnest dignity. Paradise, the First Blessings, and the First Sorrows of Man are the subjects of them (see page 604).

But let us pass beyond this outer vestibule into the interior of the church, in whose half twilight a richer depth of color glows. All is covered with a mass of mosaics and somber marbles. On the parapet which divides the choir from the nave stand figures of the Apostles in blackened bronze, and above the high altar, where the bones of St. Mark repose, rises a baldaquin upon twisted columns (see page 594).

How wondrous is the effect of the whole when the sunshine streams through the windows; when the organ fills every corner of the church with its invisible flood; when we seem to realize the fervor of all the past generations who have knelt here in prayer and praise, offering them up with different minds from ours of today, but with hearts so like to our hearts!

THE DUCAL PALACE

What St. Mark's is as the expression of the religious spirit, that the Ducal Palace is for the secular power of Venice; it has scarcely a rival, even in Italy (see page 582). The Doge's palace, as it stands before us now, was begun in the fourteenth century and completed in the fifteenth after a long interruption, for the earlier building, which dated from Carlovingian times, fell a prey to the flames. Two mighty ranges of columns, one above another, support the broad, massive upper buildings—a huge, clear, flat surface, whose peaceful unity is only broken by the Gothic arched windows which admit light into the noble halls within.

Here every line is classic. The very position of the palace, its relation to the church of St. Mark, its two fronts—one commanding the piazzetta and the other the sea—declare the inner significance of the building; it is the foundation, the very corner-stone of all Venetian splendors. The court, into which the Porta della Carta leads, is princely and has something colossal about it, even before we perceive the Scala dei Giganti—that marble staircase, with the figures of Mars and Neptune, on whose topmost step the Doge was wont to be crowned.

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL: VENICE

Few religious edifices in the entire world surpass the Cathedral of St. Mark in beauty of exterior and interior. More than 500 marble columns adorn its construction, and their capitals are formed in an exuberant variety of style. The mosaics cover an area of nearly 46,000 square feet, and the interior is profusely decorated with gilding, bronze, and oriental marble. It is now more than 800 years since the building of St. Mark's was completed. Its ecclesiastical sanctity is bestowed on it by the relics of the great evangelists, while its historical sanctity consists in its intimate connection with the fortunes of the city and her rulers.

And now let us mount by the Scala d'Oro to the wide, echoing, gold-incrusted halls, where the Great Council held its sittings, where are the statues of the famous men who have sprung from the Republic, and the portraits of the Doges who ruled over it.

SHADOWS AMID SPLENDORS

But yet a little shadow rests on these splendors. A slight shudder mars the enchantment, for the hands of Venice are stained with blood—much noble blood sacrificed to unworthy passions. There is the Bocca di Leone, into which envy threw its secret accusations. We pass by the door that leads to the prisons and the Bridge of Sighs; we see amidst the line of Doges, the black space from whence Marino Faliero's portrait was effaced when his head had fallen beneath the axe of the executioner.

In the Sala del Maggior Consiglio the Great Council held its sittings. All the members wore scarlet robes. Here the die was cast for war or peace, for honor or disgrace; and the pride that uplifted their hearts is, as it were, embodied in the masterpieces which adorn walls and roof.

Everywhere victories, coronations, gods—nay, Tintoret, who produced in this hall the largest painting known in the history of art—chose no meaner subject than the World of the Blessed! Venice dreamt only of Paradise. We pass on through a long series of saloons. Here the Doge was elected by the Nobili; there he received ambassadors from foreign lands; yonder was his bedchamber, and here the guards paced to and fro watching over the most precious jewel of Venice—the Doge's life.

A BLOODY TRIBUNAL

The triumphal arch through which we entered was erected for Morosini, the hero who subjugated the Morea, the barbarian whose cannon destroyed the Parthenon, burying hundreds of Athenians under the most magnificent ruin that the earth has ever seen. We come to a little chapel on our way, in which the Doge was accustomed to hear mass every morning. He was accompanied during the ceremony by the Council of Ten, and in the last room which we enter this council held its bloody tribunal.

"Consiglio de' Dieci!" That was a word of terror to all citizens of Venice; and whatsoever pains her defenders may take to prove the contrary, it must be allowed that though the Republic might be free in other respects, yet in this tribunal she had a power which could only be compared with that of Robespierre or the bloodthirsty Marat.

All crimes against the security of the State (and therefore all crimes!) were subject to their jurisdiction. The Doge himself was liable to feel their mysterious power. In secrecy and silence the witnesses were examined; in secrecy and silence the sentence was carried out; and, in order still further to simplify their proceedings, three inquisitors were, moreover, named of whom no one was allowed to know the persons or the residence. But they existed, and their invisible omnipresence lay like a dark ban upon men's spirits.

INTO VENETIAN DUNGEONS

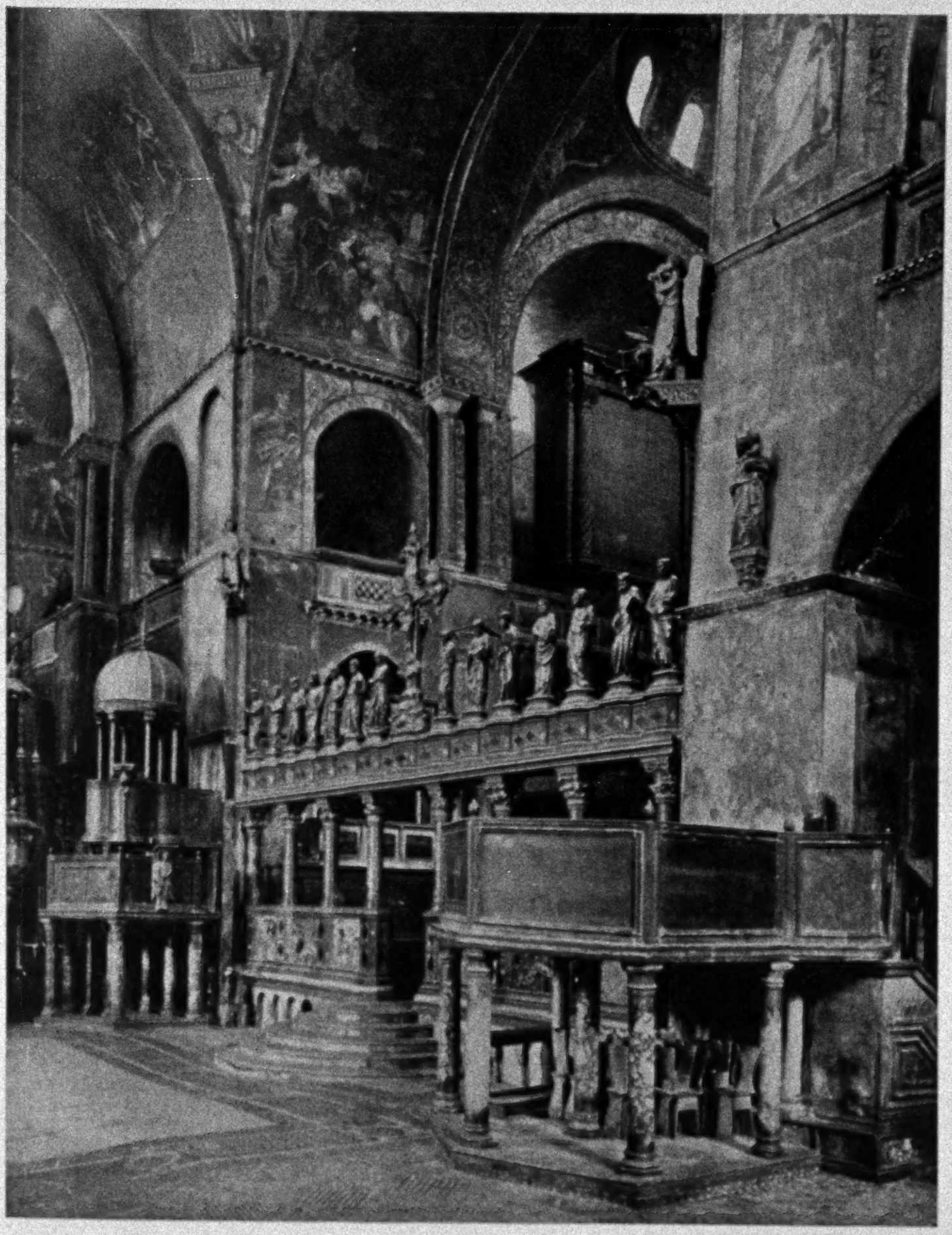
The complete truth about Venice cannot be learned in the lofty Ducal Palace, where the ceilings are full of gold and where art, free and untrammeled, created her masterpieces. We must go down even as far as the Pozzi, into the dungeons below the level of the water, or we must mount into the hot leaden cells (the Piombi); then we begin to conceive what was the secret canker gnawing at the root of all this beauty; then we feel with unspeakable horror what is the shadow on the conscience of the proud Queen of the Adriatic.

But this shadow is necessary to the perfect portrait. Who does not know whence the Bridge of Sighs derives its name?—that wondrously elegant arch which spans the Rio del Palazzo, leading from the noblest beauty to the deepest misery! And who could see the fearful Piombi unmoved?

It was a smiling May morning when we first visited them; first the prisons, and then the torture chamber, on whose ceiling the hook may still be seen to which the unfortunate wretches were hoisted up, and whose floor is paved with smooth

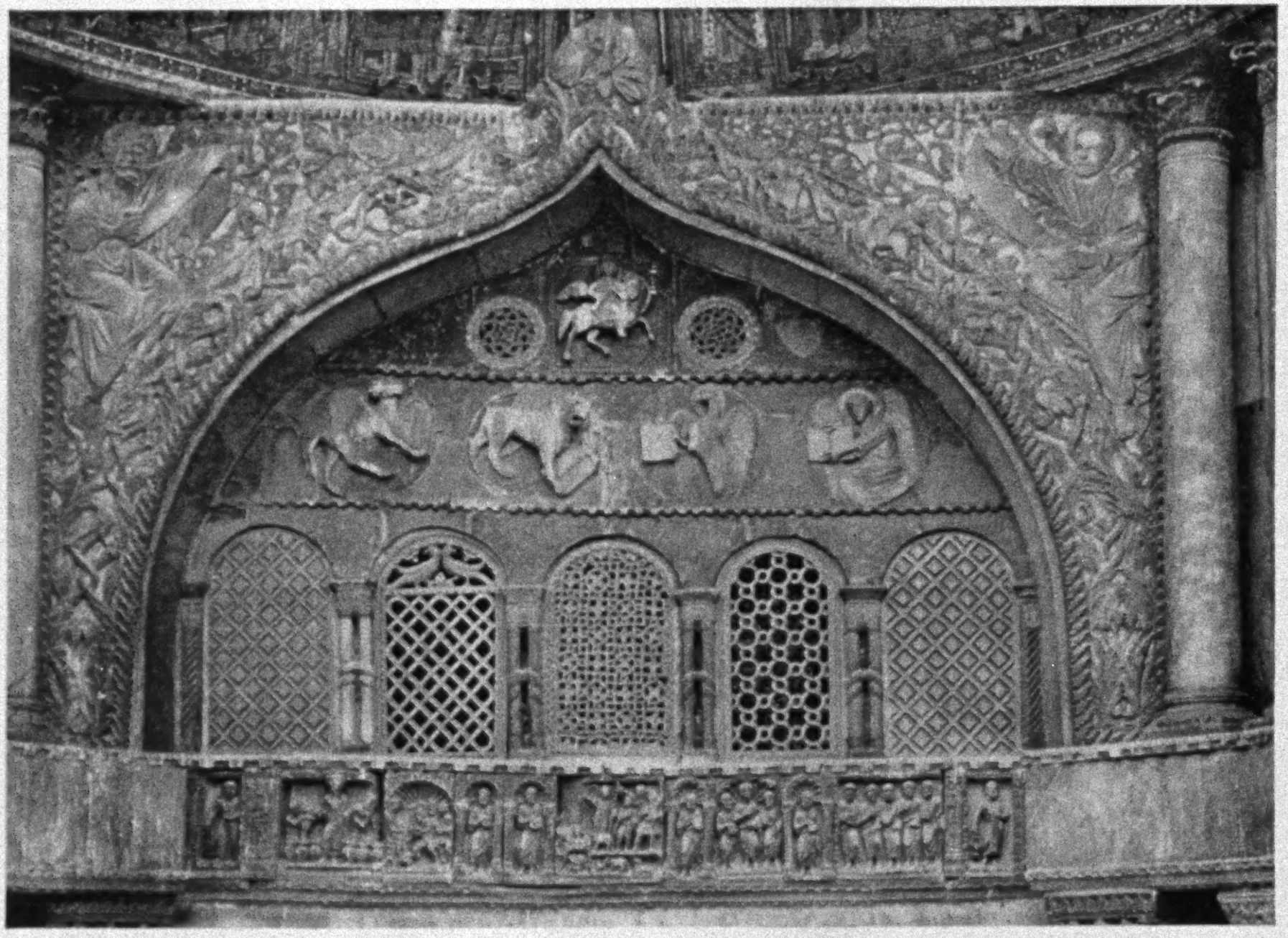
ONE OF THE PULPITS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK

There are two very fine pulpits in St. Mark's. The one here illustrated is double, or built in two stories. The marble work of the staircase is exquisite in detail, and on the whole the entire pulpit is regarded as one of the finest conceptions in the entire cathedral. The other, which is single-storied, is also considered a rare example of pulpit construction.



ANOTHER INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK

"On the parapet which divides the choir from the nave stand figures of the apostles in black and bronze, and above the high altar, where the bones of St. Mark repose, rises a baldaquin upon twisted columns. How wondrous is the effect of the whole when the sunshine streams through the windows; when we seem to realize the fervor of all the past generations who have knelt here in prayer and praise—offering them up with different minds from ours of today, but with hearts so like our hearts!"—STIELER.

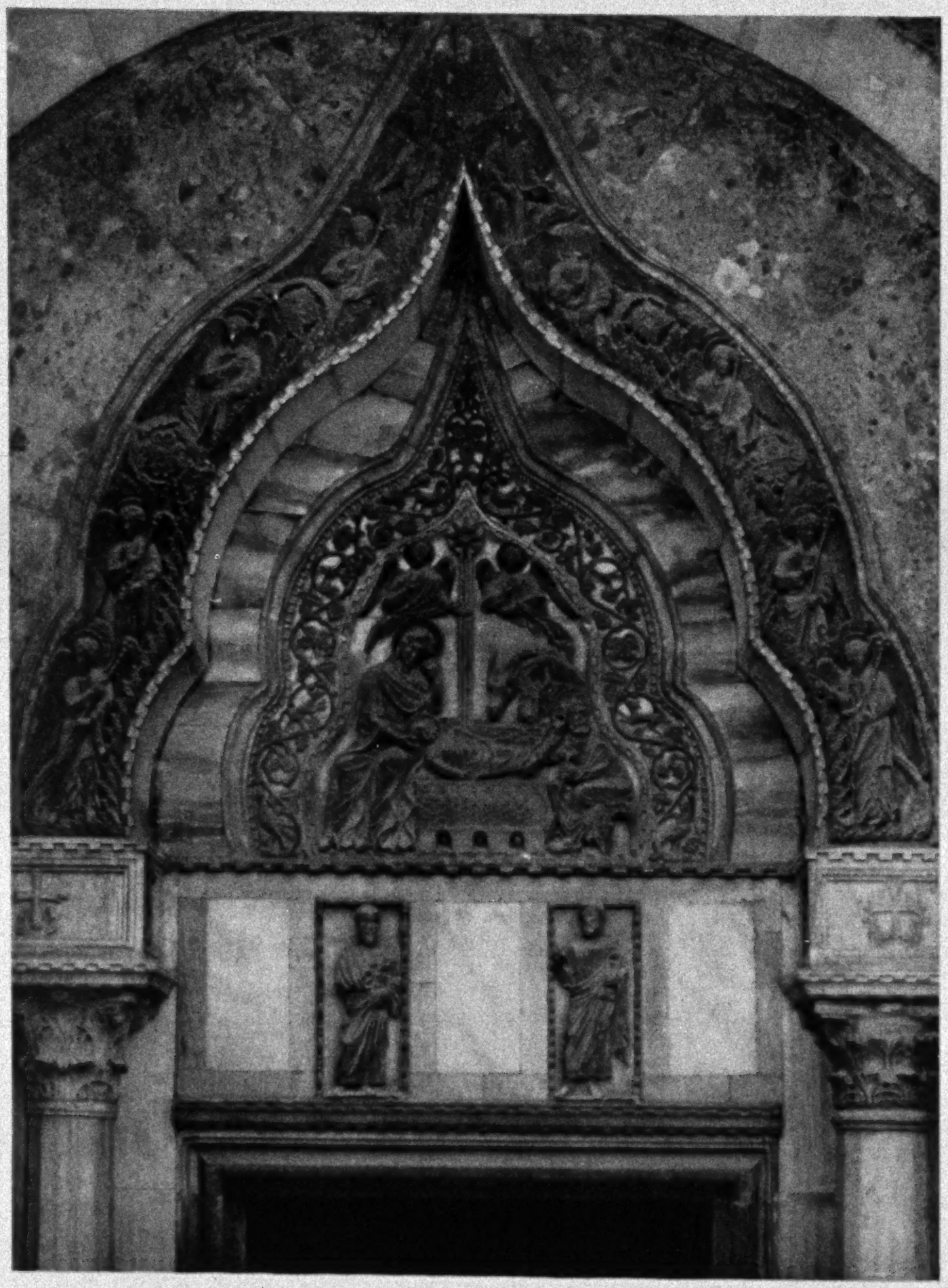


ONE OF THE STRIKING LUNETTES OF ST. MARK'S: VENICE

"No sense of disappointment will be felt at the first view of the interior of St. Mark's. The symmetry of the architecture, the gorgeousness of the mosaics, the rich pavement, manifold variety of the columns, and the dazzling brilliancy of the Pala d'Oro glittering with jewels, make a scene not soon to be forgotten."—THOMAS OKEY.

A DETAIL OF ST. MARK'S, SHOWING SOMETHING OF THE PROFUSE USE OF THE COLUMN IN ITS ARCHITECTURE

When the Venetian Republic decided to build St. Mark's a law was enacted which required every merchant trading to the East to bring back some material for the adornment of the structure. The result was that the peaceful conquests of commerce, as well as sanguinary victories of war, resulted in the architectural, sculptural, and artistic enrichment of the great edifice. It thus forms a museum of sculpture of the most varied kind, representing nearly every century from the fourth to the latest Renaissance and nearly every region from the Adriatic to the Far East.



A DETAIL OF ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL: VENICE

It was in connection with the building and adornment of St. Mark's that the art of mosaic first came to Venice. With the mosaists came other artists, and on the island of Murano various Byzantine craftsmen began working, transferring something of the spirit of Sancta Sophia to St. Mark's of Venice, the "Queen of the Sea."

stones in order that the blood should easily be wiped from it.

THE PRESS OF GONDOLAS

With a sensation of relief we return to the open air, to the grand piazzetta, where the sea breeze blows, where the "Zecca" opens its pillared halls—that ancient mint which as early as the year 1280 coined gold sequins. And what a press of gondolas! On every side is heard the cry "La barca, Signore!" "Commanda la barca?" The gondolier greets us, his oar in his left hand, his right raised with a slight gesture of salutation; the blue shirt, bound at the waist by a red sash, reveals his open breast, and his sunburnt face looks frankly at us. A moment and the picturesque, sinewy figure is in full movement; the oar dips into the wave and the bark shoots like an arrow along the Grand Canal (see p. 576).

It is the largest of the 400 watery ways which intersect Venice. Nearly 4 miles in length stretches the broad stream from Santa Chiara to the Giudecca. Along the Canal Grande rise the noblest palaces of those great old families whose names were written in the "Libro d'Oro"—the Golden Book—of the Republic. That book was burned on the open piazza in 1797, when the Western Tempest broke over Venice; it was a hurricane such as even those children of the ocean have never yet witnessed, and its name was *Egalité!*

On the narrow point of land exactly opposite to the steps of the piazzetta are the Dogana di Mare (sea custom-house) and the Seminary of the Patriarch, both dominated by the fine church of Santa Maria della Salute. This church was built as a votive offering by the Venetians in the time of the plague, after more than 40,000 persons had fallen victims to the pestilence, and has come to be one of the great landmarks of the city, with its gigantic cupola and white mass of building shimmering in the morning light. In almost every pictorial representation of Venice you see Santa Maria della Salute.

WONDERFUL PALACES

We glide onward until we come opposite to the Palazzo Contarini Fasan (see page 578), and here the gondolier pauses. It is one of the finest façades in Venice; the marble balconies are as delicate and slender as if worked in precious metals; tall and narrow rise the arched windows, with their columns opening onto the balcony; and yet amidst all this elegance there is a strength which shows us that mighty times and mighty men once reigned here.

Now great names throng upon us. Here is the palazzo corner, and there are the houses of the Foscari, the Balbi, Mocenigo, Grimani, and Loredan. Before each princely door are white marble steps leading down into the water, and great wooden posts — painted with the colors of the family — which serve to moor the gondolas to.

A CITY ON PILES

We pursue our voyage, and a splendid arch is suddenly seen spanning the Canal Grande; it is the Bridge of the Rialto (see page 580), for a long time the only one which crossed the Grand Canal, and still by far the most interesting of all the bridges that Venice possesses.

A busy tide of life flows hitherward, for it is the central point for retail dealers. Here the fishermen bring their wares to market; here the laws of the old Republic were published at a column which bears the name of the "Gobbo di Rialto" (the hunchback of the Rialto), and on the bridge itself stands a double row of little *botteghe* (shops), built of marble and roofed with lead.

As the story goes, the first of them were erected because it was feared that the bridge might be forced upward in the center; and Da Ponte, whose opinion was asked, advised in his last moments that the two ends of the bridge should be weighted in this manner. Thus the Ponte di Rialto obtained the upper buildings, which give it almost an inhabited air, but deprive it of the imposing boldness which once distinguished the unencumbered arch. It is nearly 150 feet wide, and its foundations under water rest upon a platform of 12,000 piles.

In the same manner, as is well known, all the houses and palaces in Venice have arisen out of the sea; the whole city is

the most colossal edifice upon piles that the world has ever seen. In order to support the enormous weight put upon them, it was necessary to choose only the mightiest trunks and the finest sorts of wood, which were brought from foreign lands by the enormous sea commerce of Venice; and it happened in the last century that a noble family resolved to pull down their splendid palace on the Canal Grande in order to get at the precious cedar stems on which it is built, and thus rescue themselves from a slough of debt; but the Republic forbade this desperate measure.

Among the palaces on the Grand Canal two have an international importance—that is to say, they reveal to us not only the enchantment of beauty and the luxury to which Venice attained at home, but the world-wide commerce which the city of the lagoon once commanded. The Fondaco dei Tedeschi, close to the Rialto Bridge, was the chief place of meeting for the German merchants and the central point of their commerce.

The whole traffic of the Levant with the North passed through Venice, and the Turks, as well as the Germans, had their national house on the Canal Grande—the Fondaco dei Turchi. This house, too, was the property of the Republic, and was by its hospitality dedicated to the use of the Mussulmans. Here the Koran was read and the praises of Allah recited; it was the focus of Oriental life in Venice. The building is tolerably well preserved, but it shares the fate of all the palaces on the Grand Canal—it has fallen into the hands of strangers.

When the gondola has glided on beneath the Ponte di Rialto, we come upon yet more beautiful palaces—the Ca' d' Oro (page 573), with its wonderfully richly sculptured façade, and the Palazzo Pesaro, with its heavy, massive walls; but the finest of all is the Vendramin-Calergi. The gondola silently pauses before the marble steps; we enter the colossal doorway, and a porter shows us the way and greets us in the most undeniable French. This is the palace of the Duchess de Berri, now the property of the Count de Chambord.

It would be foolish to calculate the worth of such a building by the price that it fetches; but to show the deep fall from its glories of former days which Venice has experienced, I know no more striking comparison than that furnished by the figures concerning the Palazzo Vendramin. This palace, which was sold *300 years ago* for 60,000 ducats, came into the possession of the Duchess de Berri in recent times for 6,000 ducats!

A TWO-MILE BRIDGE

And so we hasten onward between the long rows of palaces to the end of the Grand Canal, to the island of Santa Chiara, where the lagoon opens out and the sea begins. Great red buoys, which serve to mark the way for navigators, balance themselves on the waves, and the arches of the huge railway bridge reach across to where *terra firma* shows dimly in the distance. It is one of the longest bridges in the world, for it measures nearly 12,000 feet in length and has more than 200 arches. Xerxes' idea of bridging over the Hellespont has been, as it were, realized by modern Venice, for we roll on iron rails over the waters right into the interior of the town.

A very different aspect of Venice reveals itself to us when on leaving the Piazza of St. Mark—always the point of departure—we plunge into the commercial parts of the town. We pass through an archway in the clock-tower that forms so characteristic a feature of the north side of the piazza, with its great bronze figures that strike the hours, and get into the *merceria* leading to the Ponte di Rialto.

THE OLDEST BANK IN EUROPE

Here we are in the midst of the present, with its manifold requirements and feverish haste. The watchword here is not "to be," but "to have;" not the dignity, but rather the keenness, of the old Venetians predominates here. It is well known that the first idea of great financial transactions originated in Italy, but in this field of commerce also Venice ranked foremost; she had the oldest bank in Europe, which dates back to the days of Barbarossa and the development of which is a considerable factor in the

STRIKING FORM OF CAPITAL IN ST. MARK'S

It was in a measure the Germans who brought about the founding of Venice. For a long time the Venetians dwelt at Malamocco, but when King Pepin, the son of Charlemagne, forced them from their stronghold, they went to the lagoons at the mouth of the River Po, where they succeeded in driving off Pepin and establishing the new city of Venice.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MURAL DECORATIONS OF ST. MARK'S

After the Venetians found themselves able to repel the forces of Pepin, they began their career of conquest by taking the coasts of Istria and Dalmatia, later acquiring territory in the Levant and the Greek archipelago, and finally conquering Constantinople. The Crusades, which impoverished the rest of Europe, doubly enriched Venice. She had the carrying and transport trade in her own hands, and her conquests gave her the spoil of many Eastern States.

A CURIOUS RELIEF IN PORPHYRY ABOUT WHICH MANY IDLE TALES ARE TOLD: ST. MARK'S, VENICE

These figures are illustrative of the wide sources from which the embellishments of St. Mark's were brought. They are Greek in workmanship and probably came from Ptolemais.

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE IN ONE OF THE FAMOUS PALACES OF VENICE

From the time that the "City of the Sea" shared in the triumph of the fall of Constantinople, in 1206, and received as its portion an amount estimated by Gibbon as equal to ten times the annual revenue of the England of that day, the great traders of Venice became among the richest in the world. Villehardouin declared that it was his belief that the plunder of the city exceeded all that had been witnessed since the creation of the world. The plunder of the Venetian wars added to the profits and Venetian trade gave the city a greater proportion of Napoleons of finance than any other city state of its time enjoyed.

THE CATHEDRAL AT FARRARA: NORTHERN ITALY

With its imposing façade of three series of arches placed one above the other and its projecting portal, the cathedral at Ferrara is one of Italy's best examples of Lombard architecture. It was begun in the twelfth century.

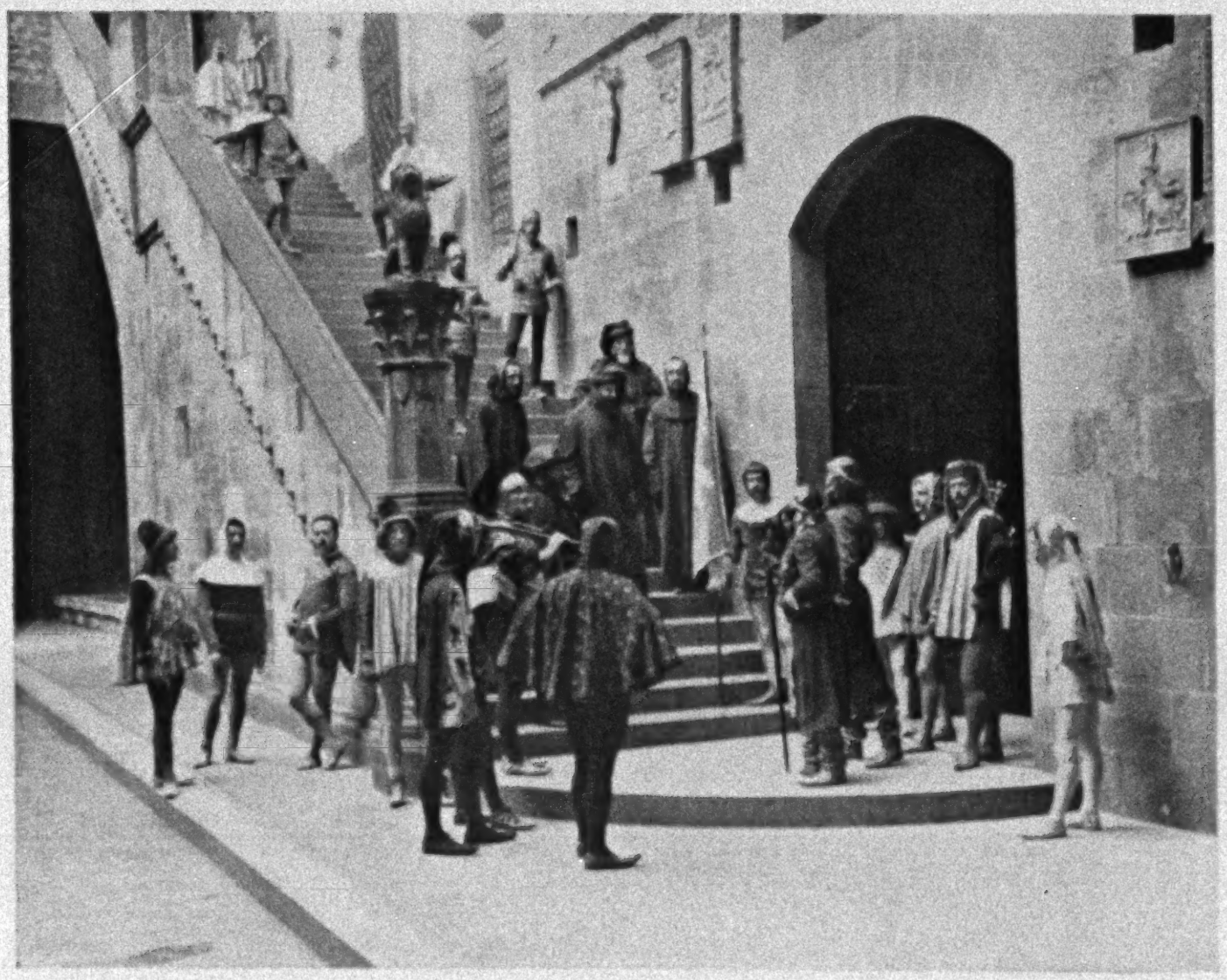
city laws. All enactments having reference to this bank were proclaimed from the steps of the Rialto; here was the Exchange; here the great commerce in the treasures of the East was carried on; here Venice bartered the wealth of her industry for the wealth of natural products before England and Holland became the mistresses of the trade of the world.

NATURE WANTING

Rich as Venice is in beauty, however, one thing is wanting to her — Nature. Whosoever wishes to enjoy nature must take refuge in the Giardini Pubblici, on the Lido, or on the little islands of Chioggia and Torcello, where the fishermen's huts stand, built out of the beams of wrecked ships (see map, page 630).

The public gardens of Venice are the creation of Napoleon, who pulled down hundreds of buildings, even consecrated buildings, in order to give this space for recreation to the Venetians; making them thus the most rare and singular of presents—a solid piece of dry land, a promenade among trees! You go along the Riva de' Schiavoni, which leads from the piazzetta in the direction of the Lido.

This Riva is a noble quay paved with broad flagstones, over which throngs of people move and in front of which are anchored rows of ships. Some have their flags flying; others are having their sides newly pitched, while the idle sailors lie sleeping on the decks. Every now and then we come upon a bridge with shallow, broad steps crossing a canal.



COSTUMES OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: FLORENCE

During the thirteenth century the judicial functions of Florence were intrusted to the Podesta, a foreign nobleman of legal erudition, elected for a period of six months at first, which term was afterward increased to a year. In 1215 Florence became divided into two factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and their rivalries became so bitter that the people themselves, in 1250, organized a kind of national guard and first coined the golden florin, which soon was to become the world's standard of value.

A HISTORIC ARSENAL

To the left lies the arsenal, with its huge docks and magazines, watched over by the stone lions which were brought from Athens by Morosini. Centuries long this arsenal enjoyed a great European reputation, and no other in the world was considered comparable to it. The superintendence of it was intrusted to three "Patroni," who were chosen from the ranks of the nobles, and were changed every night at the same time with the sentinels on guard.

The *Ammiraglio dell Arsenale* had to watch over and protect the Ducal Palace during the election of the Doge; he commanded the *Bucentaur*, on which the newly elected Doge put out to sea to drop his ring into the Adriatic; a swarm of workmen was under his orders.

During the time when the Republic was at the height of its power 10,000 noble oak stems lay constantly steeping in the water, to serve for the construction of new ships. Every rope and every pulley had its private mark, and the theft of even a nail was punished with five years of the galleys.

Here, too, lay the world-renown *Bucentaur* at anchor—the pompous vessel of the Doge all overhung with gold and red velvet, and with a depth inlaid of ebony and mother-of-pearl. Eighty-four golden oars propelled the bark over the blue waters, and the shouts of an exultant multitude accompanied her course!

The collection of arms in the arsenal

THE PALACE OF VECCHIO: FLORENCE

This castle-like structure, with its huge projecting battlements, dates from 1298. Until 1532 it was the seat of government of the Florentine Republic and is now used as a town hall. From 1504 to 1873 Michael Angelo's famous statue of David stood to the left of it. On the right is a group of Hercules and Cacus by Baccio Bandinelli, Michael Angelo's rival, who hoped to excel the great master in this work.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

IN THE SQUARE BY THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE: NAPLES

Outside the church all sorts of venders are ready to supply the physical wants of those who have visited the church because of the "fiesta;" the melon man, selling his fruit whole, halved, or in slices, solicits our custom, as do the man with lemons and the one with huge tarts

Photo. by Emil P. Albrecht

THE MILK WAGON OF NAPLES

Early in the morning the goats click-clack their hard little hoofs up and down the narrow lanes and flights of steps that in parts of Naples serve for streets, bringing Naples, fresh and unadulterated, the milk for its morning meal.

had formerly a great reputation and offered a rich fund for historical observations; but the hand of the foreigner has in all times been busy among its treasures, and every victor helped himself from these trophies.

A WONDROUS SEA CITY

But in a short time we step out of this iron circle into the fresh green of the gardens, which chiefly charm us by the exquisite view to be seen thence. One should gaze from this spot at the roofs and towers of the wondrous sea city when they are gilded by the evening light or when the twilight throws its veil around Santa Maria della Salute. The lagoons open out widely before us, often crested with foaming waves; and the figures we meet slowly pacing the broad alley have frequently something of the stateliness of the old "Nobili"

The Gardini Pubblici are situated at the extreme point of Venice, on that sharp promontory which stretches out into the lagoons. If you proceed beyond this point in a boat, you reach the Lido, a long stretch of sandy shore which divides the lagoons from the open sea; and beyond that again are the "Murazzi," the tremendous sea-walls which protect the town against the Adriatic.

From hence is obtained the best idea of the extraordinary position of Venice; how that shallow flood which goes by the name of *Laguna morta* and *Laguna viva* stretches between the sea and the dry land, and how from its surface arose the most marvelous city in the world. The lagoon is divided from the moving sea,

A STREET SCENE OUTSIDE OF A MACARONI SHOP: NAPLES

The hungry eyes of the envious bystanders tell a story of Italy's fondness for macaroni. It is only genuine macaroni, rich in gluten, that can be hung up to dry. That made of cheaper flour will not bear its own weight, and therefore must be laid out flat to dry

TWO CALABRIAN BEAUTIES

In the extreme south of Italy, especially in Calabria, many exceedingly beautiful women are found among the peasants, and this beauty is enhanced by the striking costume they wear. It will be recalled that this part of Italy was originally settled by colonies from Greece and was prosperous and civilized while Rome was yet in its infancy. In many Calabrian villages the pure Greek type has persisted all through the centuries and in some the Greek tongue is still spoken.

Photo by Lewis S. Rosenbaum

A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN RIVAL SALESWOMEN AT THE RAG FAIR IN ROME

The Rag Fair, a Roman institution held every Wednesday in the Piazza della Cancelleria and adjoining streets, is not as bad as it sounds. Old textile fabrics and antiques of various sorts, often of much value, which have somehow managed to escape the world's many museums, are often offered here on the open market. At the same time more that is spurious is offered than there is of the genuine.

Photo by Lewis S. Rosenbaum

WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS AT THE RAG MARKET: ROME

The strength of character that has made Rome famous from the dawn of civilization is written in the lines of the faces of even her humblest subjects

MANY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN VISITORS TO ITALY HAVE FOUND DELIGHT FOR THEIR EYES AND JOY FOR THEIR HEARTS IN THIS GLORIOUS VIEW OF THE ITALIAN COAST

THE ITALIAN COAST, NEAR NAPLES AND AMALFI

The highroad along the coast from Naples to Amalfi is cut out of the mountain-side for much of the way, especially the Amalfi end. There are many watch-towers guarding it which date from the sixteenth century

MEDIEVAL TOWER WITH MODERN PINNACLES: BRESCIA

Brescia, beautifully situated among the foothills of the Alps, a complex of narrow street-canyons and old buildings, must be now one of the busiest cities in all northern Italy; for its staple products are weapons, and here are made many of the firearms used by the Italian army.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE PASS OF TRE CROCI (THREE CROSSES) AT SUNSET

This pass leads up to Falzarego Pass, which is one of eight breaks in the mountains between Italy and Austria through which highroads and railroads have been built. Wagon roads cross the Stelbio Pass, Tonale Pass, Lodrone Pass, Brenta Pass, Falzarego Pass, and the pass leading from Udine to the Isonzo River. A railroad crosses the border following the Adige River and another at a point between Pontafel and Pontebba. All these passes were extensively fortified in recent years.

as well as from the solid land, by sand-dunes, like gigantic dams; but there are great portals opened seaward by which ships can reach the free Adriatic. *Porto di Lido, Malamocco, Porto dei tre Porti* are the names of these three outlets.

The lagoons cover a superficies of more than 170 square miles; the sea-walls alone, which are erected to ward off the sea close to Palestrina, are over 18,000 feet long and more than 40 feet thick and 30 feet high.

At Porto di Lido the soft sands are covered with stunted shrubs, and little trembling grasses grow close to the edge of the sea that washes over them with its encroaching waves. The waters are dark as blue steel; the great steamer disappears on the misty horizon and the light bark returns homeward with its sail fluttering in the wind. We gaze out into the boundless expanse. Far away a white-winged seagull is circling, but at length it, too, is lost to sight in the infinite distance.

In front of the little *osteria* (tavern) which stands on the Lido, and under the green acacias bedecked with colored lanterns, revelry goes on deep into the night. There the merry boatmen drink and laugh until the last bark pushes off from the Lido and returns homeward across the flowing lagoon, which at flood tide rises nearly 6 feet. A distant music enchants our ears as we land at the piazzetta. It is the gondoliers upon the Canal Grande singing their old songs—songs which have never yet been written down by a stranger's hand, but which live in the memories of the people.

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A HIGH, STONY PASTURE NEAR FALZAREGO PASS, ON THE DOLOMITEN STRASSE

The Dolomiten Strasse is a very modern military road leading from Tyrol to the Italian frontier. It crawls up with constant twistings and turnings until it gets so high that snow falls often to a depth of many inches in midsummer

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A VIEW OF THE AMPEZZO VALLEY FROM CORTINA, NORTHWARD

It is up this valley that the famous Dolomiten Strasse leads to Falzarego Pass, across which one of the earliest movements of Italian troops invading Austria was made

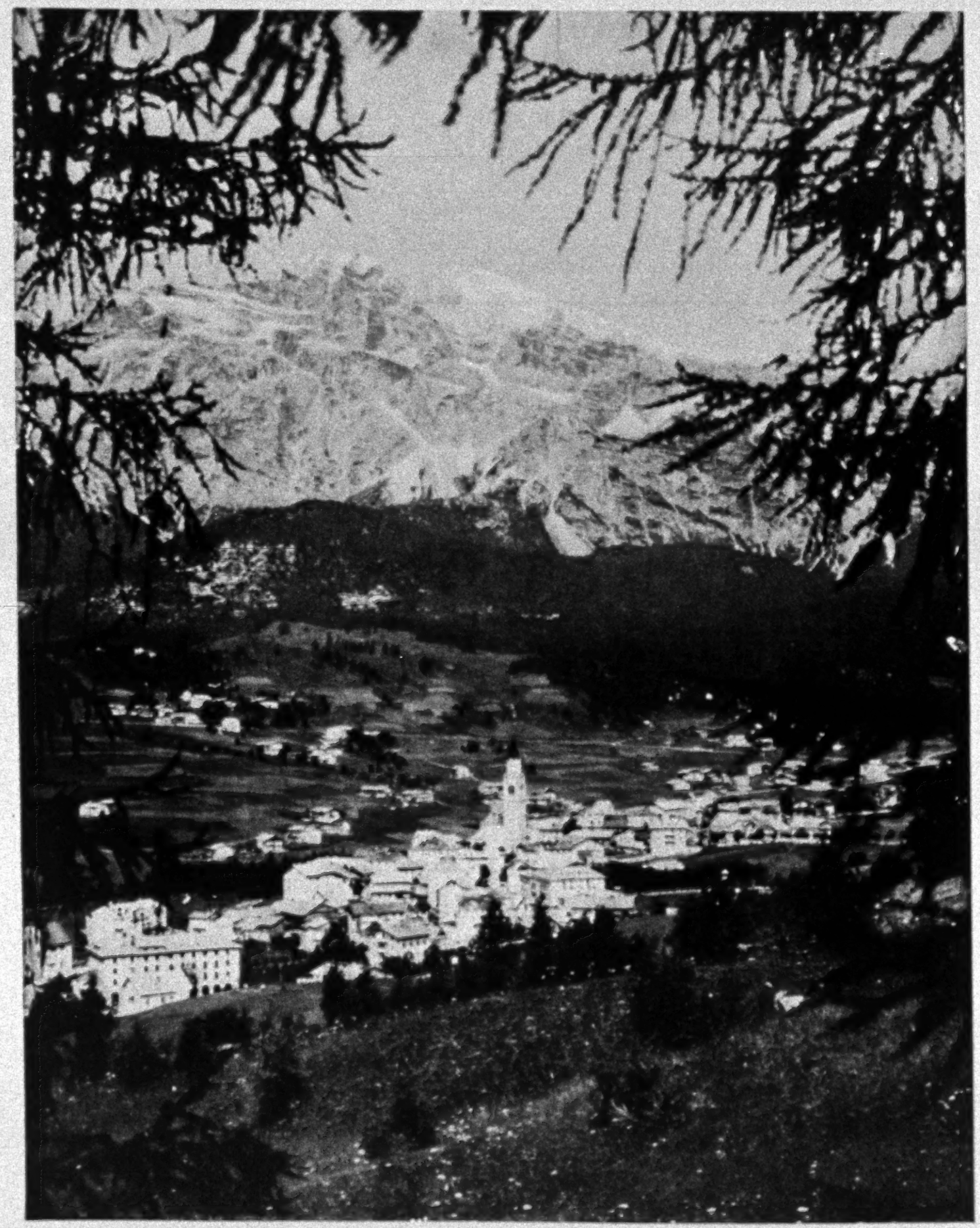


Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

THE VILLAGE OF CORTINA, IN AUSTRIAN TYROL, JUST ACROSS THE ITALIAN FRONTIER, WHICH WAS OCCUPIED BY ITALIAN TROOPS IN MAY

The population is but a little over 1,000, but augmented by as many visitors and tourists during the summer. In the background are the snow-covered slopes of the Tofana group (10,635 feet). Cortina lies in the Ampezzo Valley, through which runs the fine highroad from Toblach to Belluno and Venice, surrounded by the high mountains of the so-called dolomite formation which has given the name to this region.

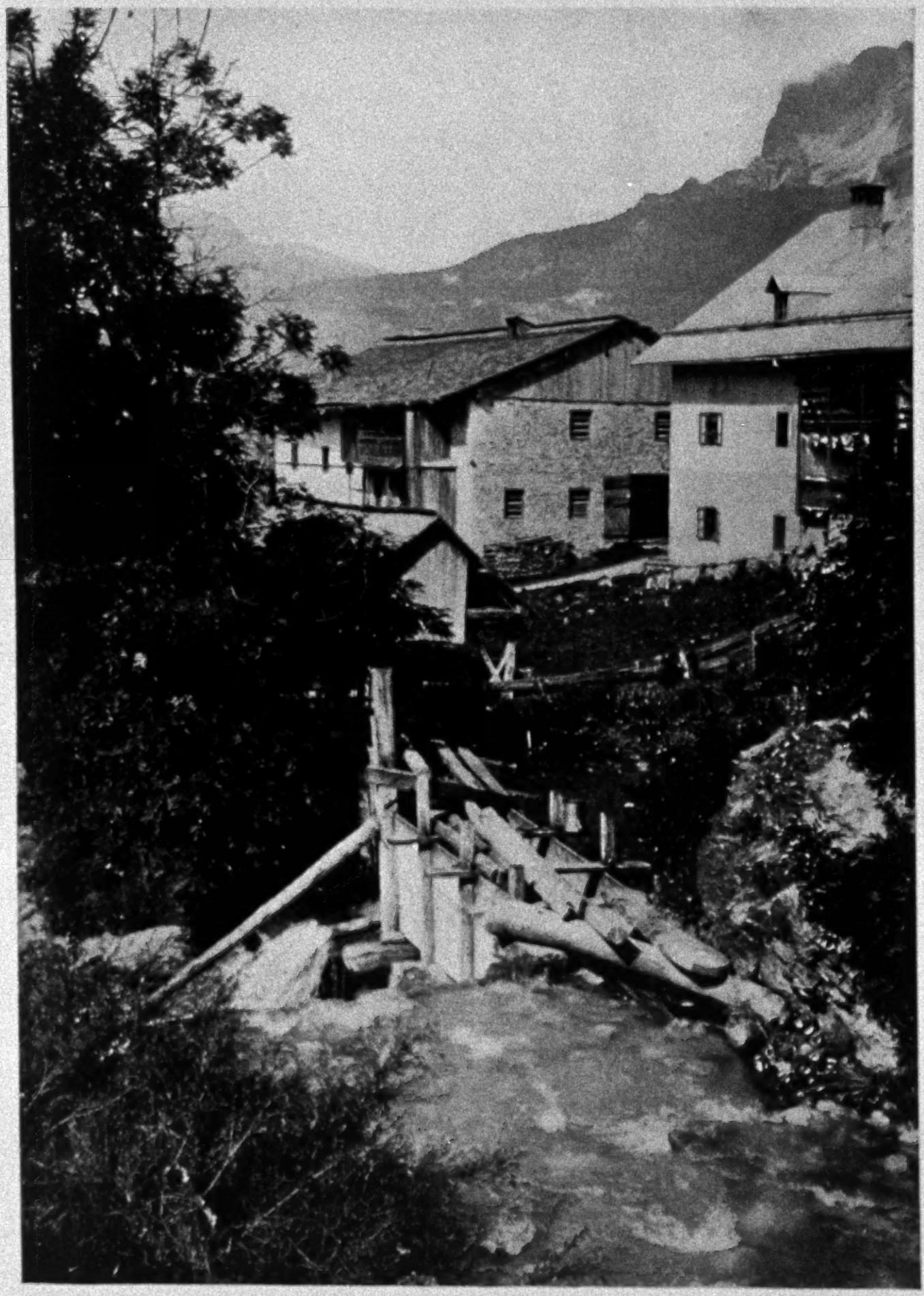
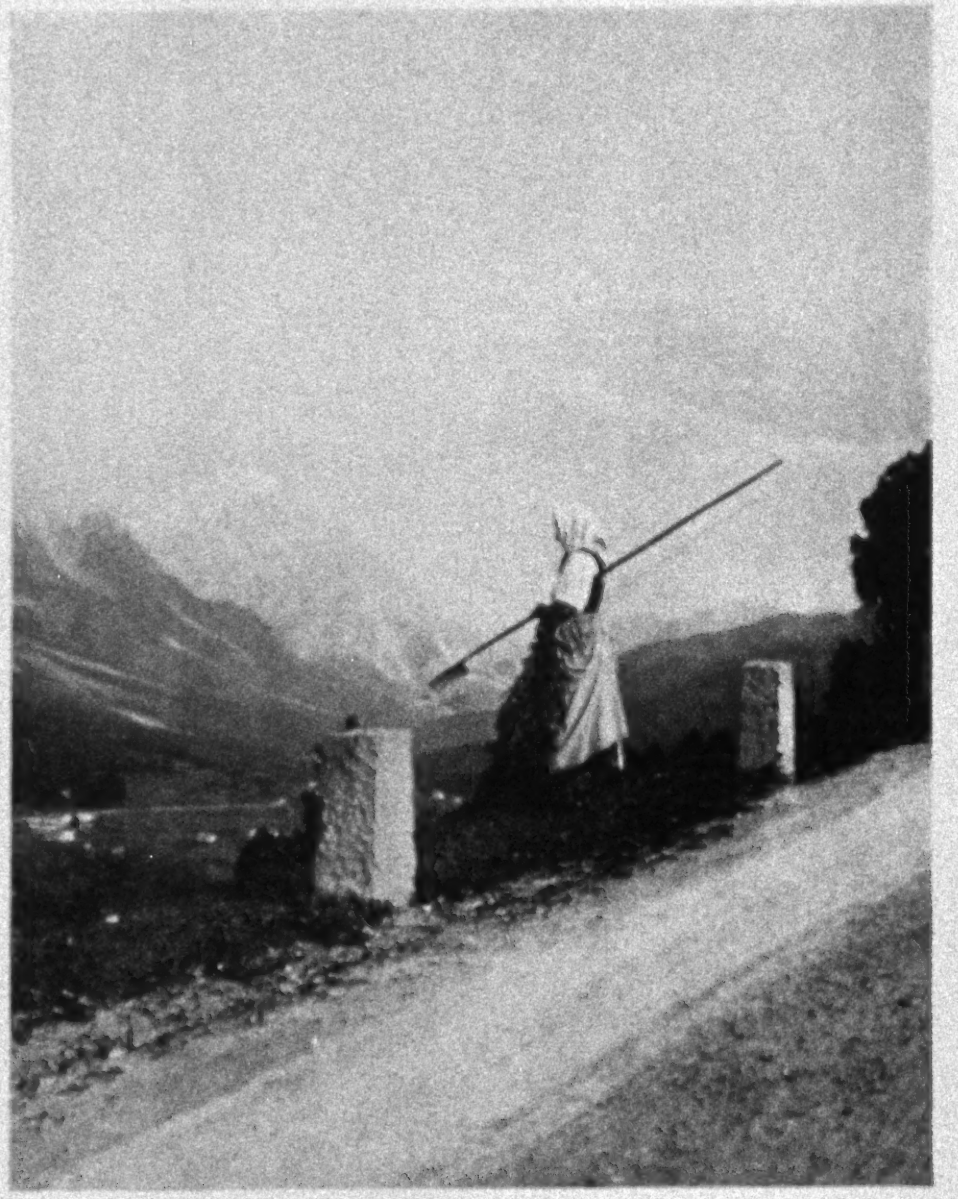


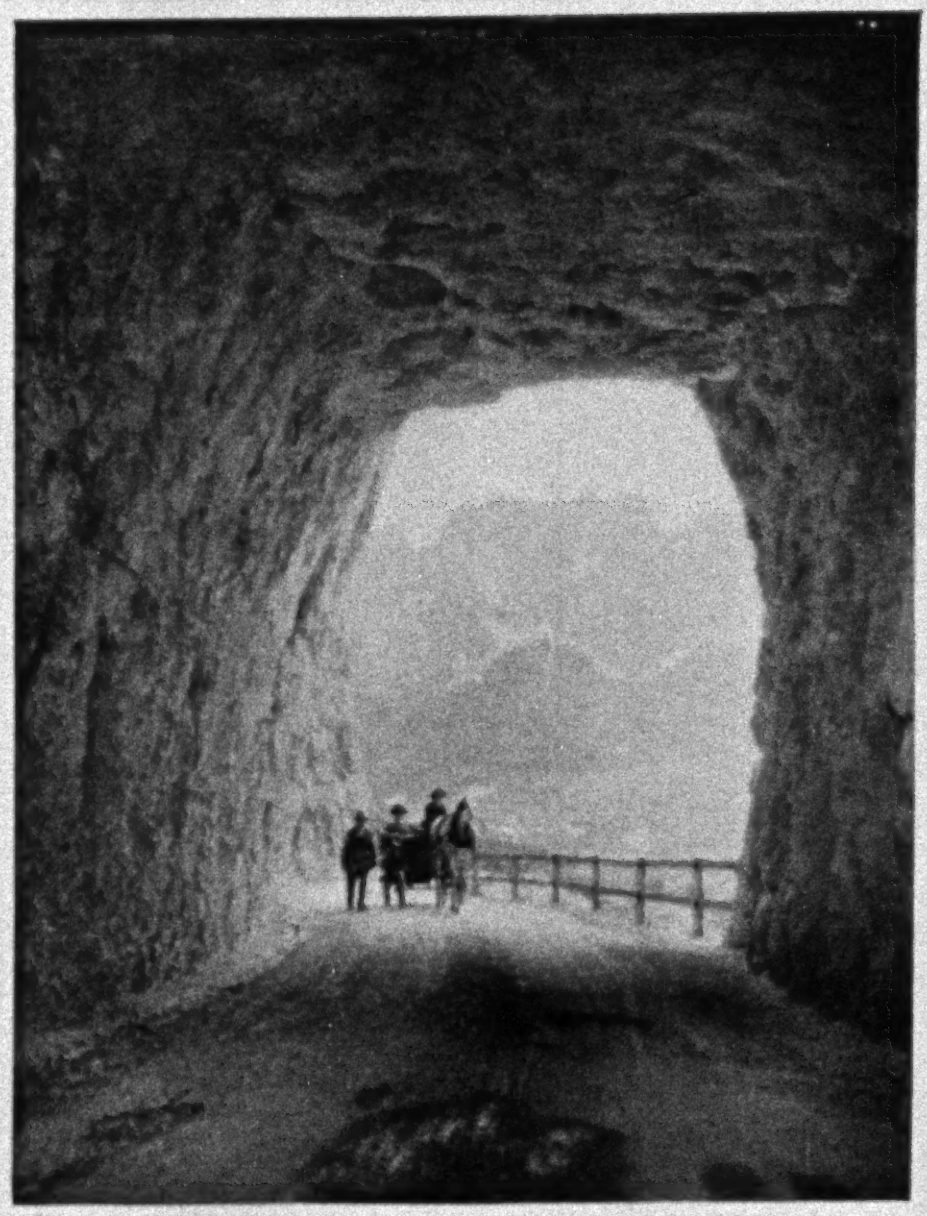
Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

ON THE ROAD TO TRE CROCI, IN AUSTRIAN TYROL, A FEW MILES FROM THE ITALIAN FRONTIER

This little mountain stream, the Bigontina, is sometimes turned aside in a primitive way and made to turn a sawmill to pay for its otherwise careless way of getting through the world



STARTING ON A SHORT CUT DOWNHILL OVER THE FIELDS AT THE END OF A DAY'S HAYMAKING



Photos by Emil P. Albrecht

ONE OF THE PASSES FROM AUSTRIA TO VENICE

Tondi di Faloria (6,910 feet) and Sorapis (10,595 feet) across the valley

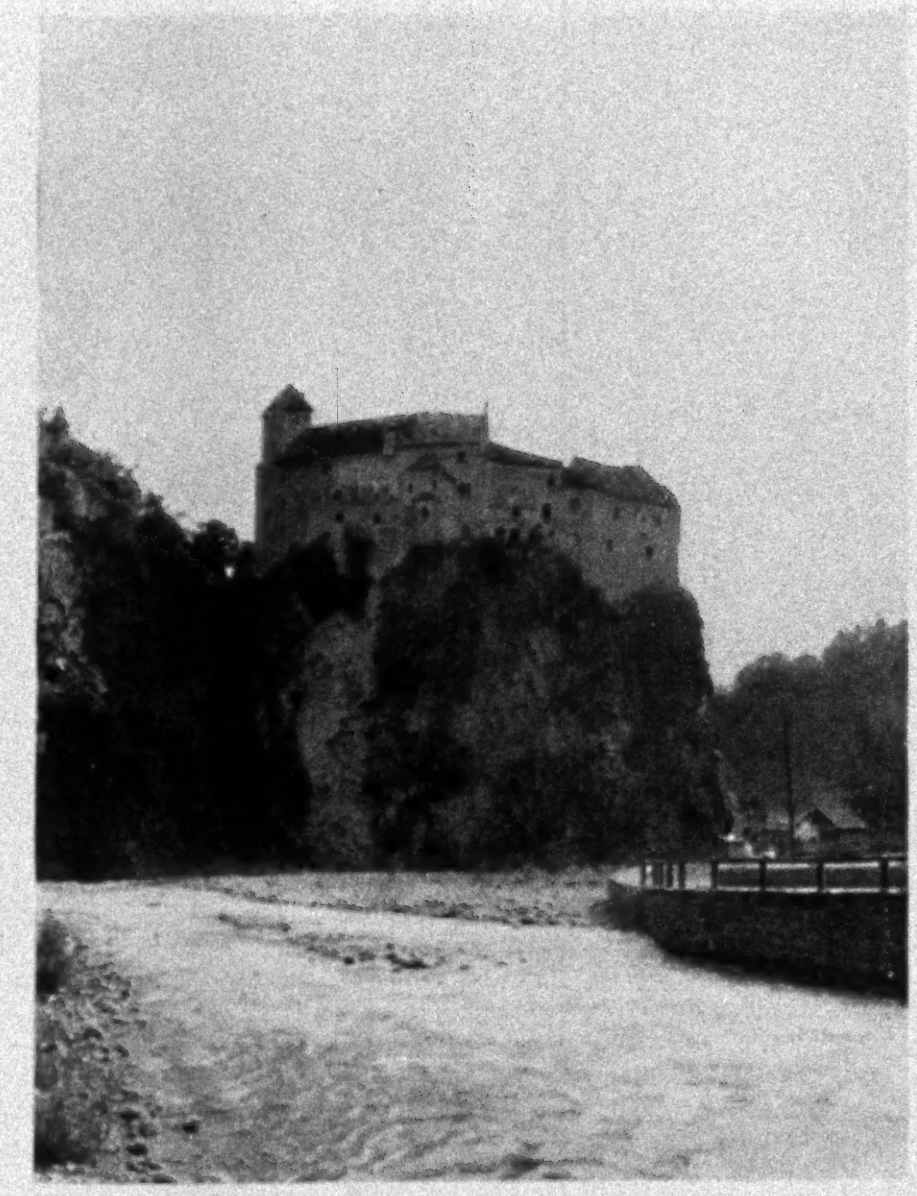
Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

A SCENE IN AUSTRIAN TYROL NEAR THE ITALIAN FRONTIER

On the Dolomiten Strasse: From Falzarego Pass (6,945 feet), Sorapis (10,595 feet) in the distance. On the right the curious Cinque-Torri (7,750 feet) and the Nuvolau (8,460 feet). The road crawls up with constant twistings and turnings, the sun shines hotly on its unsheltered whiteness, and a cold wind sweeps continually over the pass. Even in summer snow may fall here not in playful flurries only, but to a depth of many inches. The beautiful forests of the lower valley here dwindle to scrubby pines; the close turf is thickly strewn with sharp-edged stones; the peaks rise rugged and bare.

A SCENE IN SALZBURG

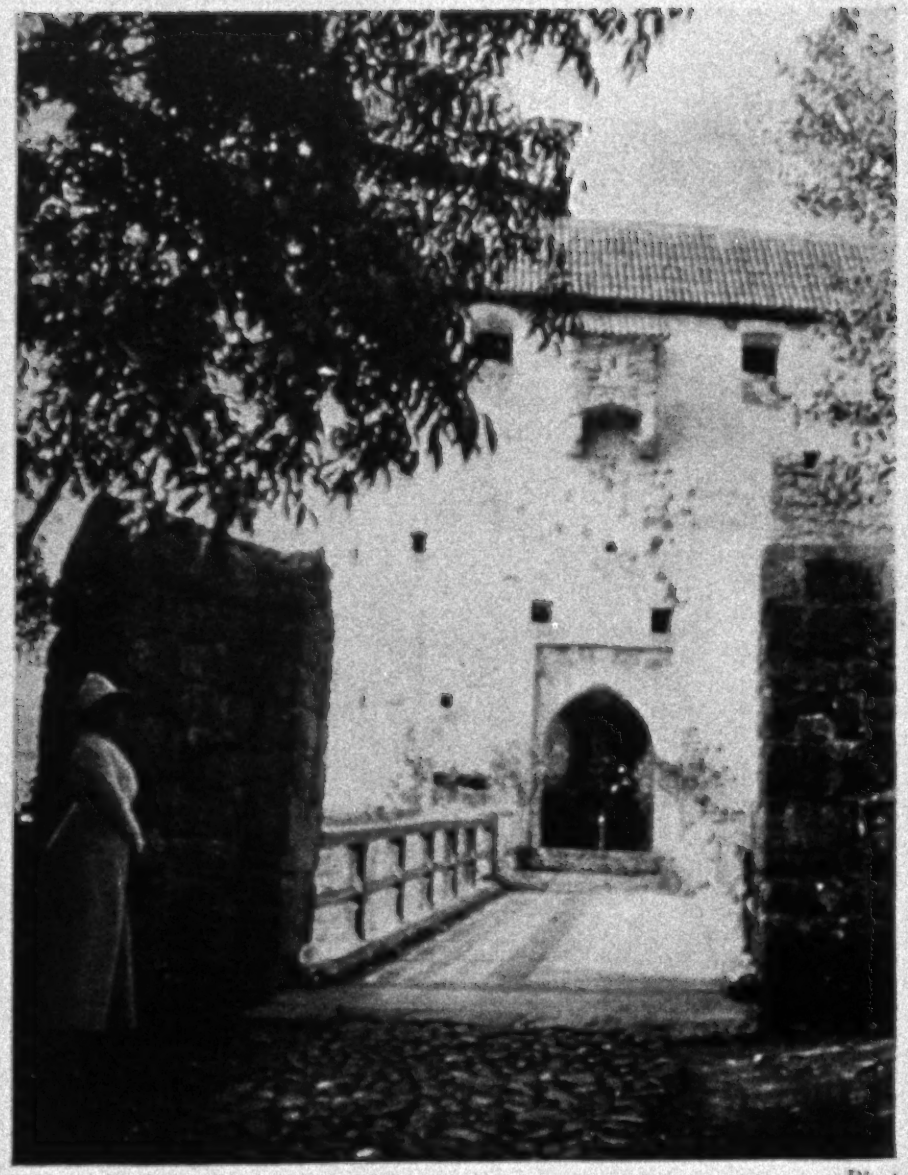
The steps end at the gate of the Capuziner Convent, on the hill of the same name



Photos by Emil P. Albrecht

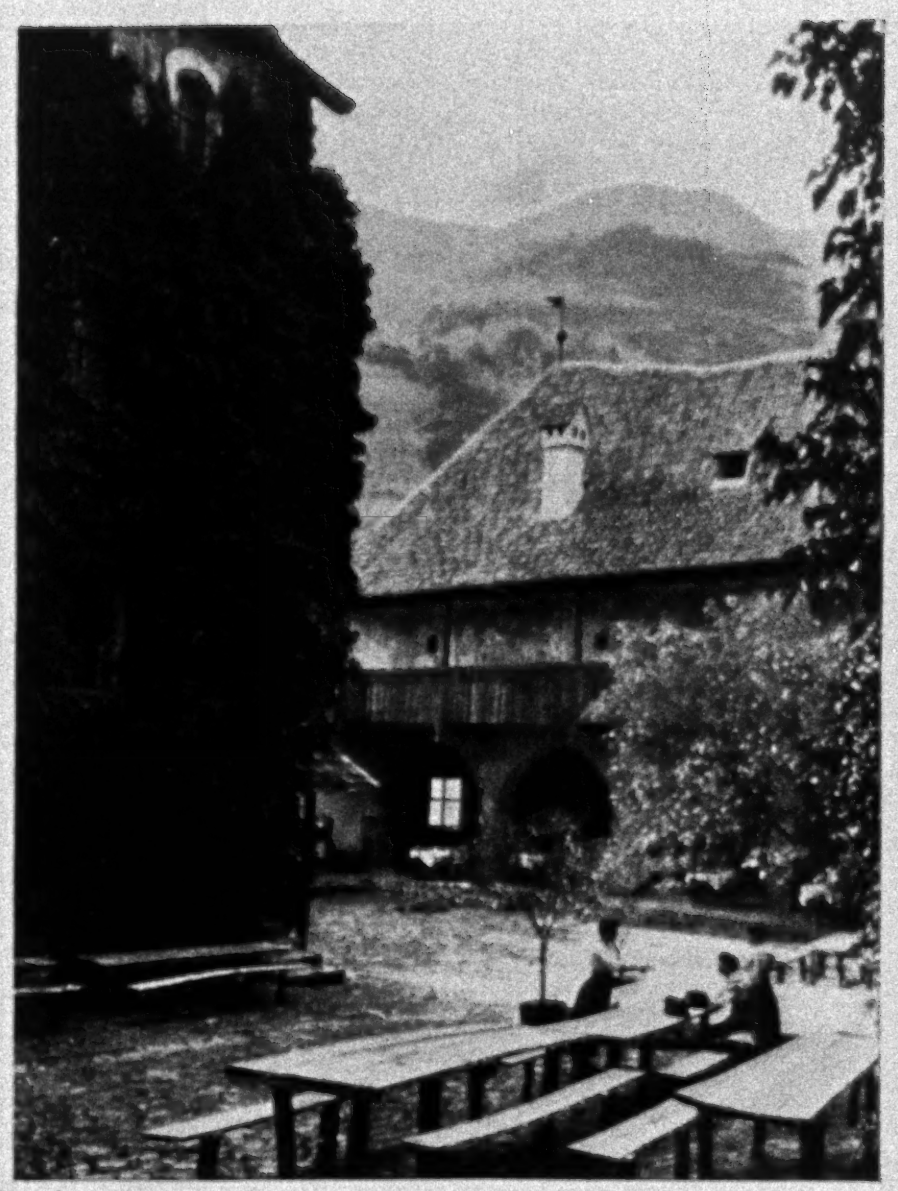
SCHLOSS RUNKELSTEIN, OVERLOOKING THE TALFER RIVER: BOZEN

Throughout the Tyrol, and particularly in the neighborhood of Bozen and Meran, these old castles are to be found, dating back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.



SCHLOSS RUNKELSTEIN; BOZEN

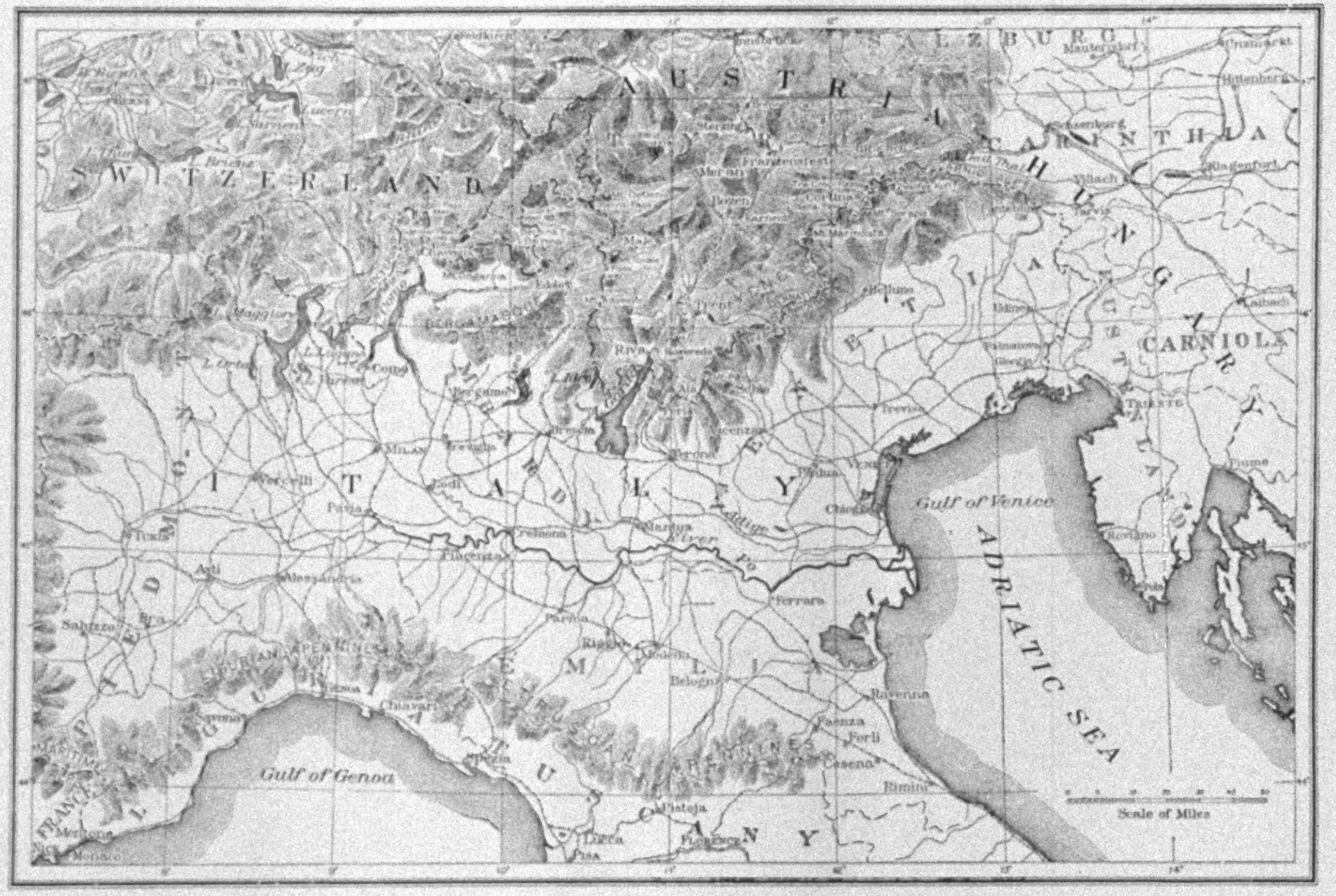
The old drawbridge has been replaced by a permanent wooden structure, but this is the one and only entrance



Photos by Emil P. Albrecht

SCHLOSS RUNKELSTEIN; BOZEN

Given by the Emperor Franz Joseph to the city of Bozen in 1893, the old castle is a favorite attraction to the people of the town as well as to visitors. Inside as well as on the balcony in the background are some of the earliest frescoes, dating from the fourteenth century, still in a good state of preservation.



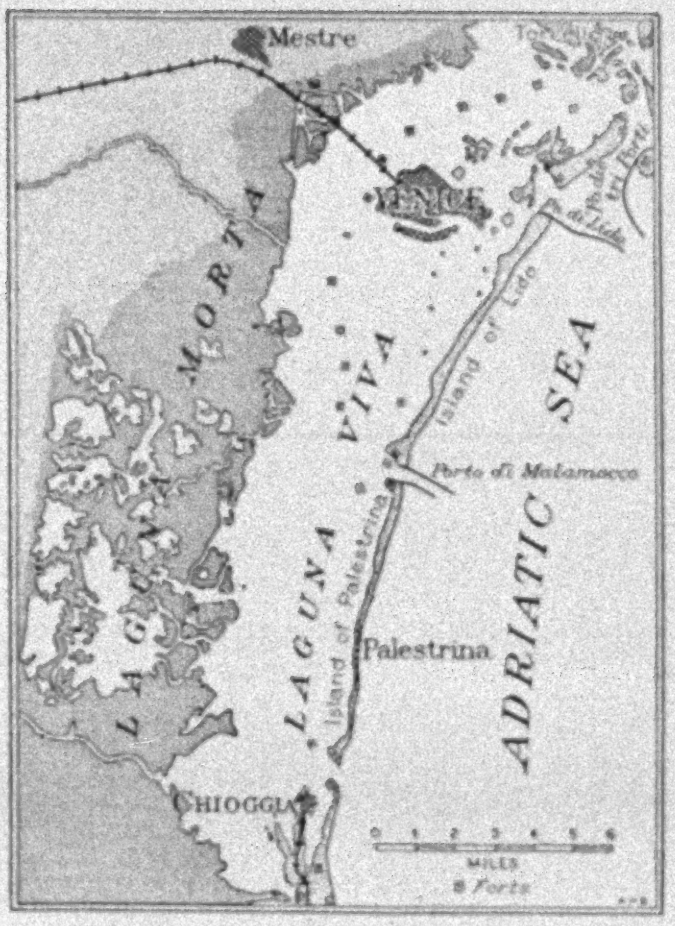
MAP SHOWING FRONTIER CITIES OF ITALY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (SEE TEXT, PAGES 533-537, 553-554, ETC.)

Venice was founded on some mud banks by refugees from the mainland cities, who sought a location that would be safe from the Huns

Photo by Emil P. Albrecht

HALL, IN THE TYROL

The old Münz-Turm, a tower remaining from the ancient mint established here in the fifteenth century. The "Kreuzers" and "Zwanzigers" that were issued in 1809 by Andreas Hofer were coined here.

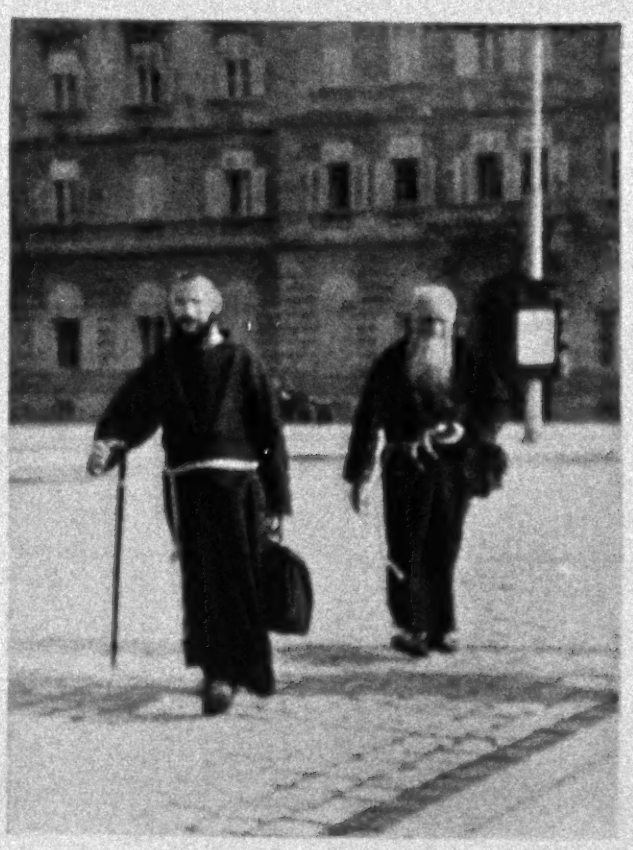


MAP SHOWING POSITION OF VENICE ON A GROUP OF MUD BANKS (PP. 607, 619)

These mud banks and, in fact, all the low, flat plain between the Alps and the Apennines (see map, page 628) have been built up by the silt brought down from the mountains by the rivers Po, Adige, etc. Ravenna, for instance, 2,000 years ago was the Portsmouth of Emperor Augustus, and 250 large galleys could ride at anchor in its harbor, which is now a marshy plain six miles from the sea-coast.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The July number will contain a very comprehensive map of Europe, 28 x 30 inches, and in four colors, which will prove invaluable for following the trend of military events in the war zones, while the August number will print a series of 90 pictures in colors, showing the game birds of North America. These numbers will prove of such great permanent value that it is hoped every member of the National Geographic Society who wishes the address of the Magazine changed for summer months will notify the office immediately. The post-office does not forward magazines. Advise the Society now of any change of address, so that these valuable numbers will not be lost.



CAPUCHIN MONKS, OF WHOM THERE ARE MANY IN TYROL: INNSBRUCK

Though "the poorest of all orders," the brown-habited Capuchins have attracted to their ranks an extraordinary number of nobles and even some princes.

Photos by Emil P. Albrecht

A YOUNG OFFICER NEAR THE HOFKIRCHE: INNSBRUCK

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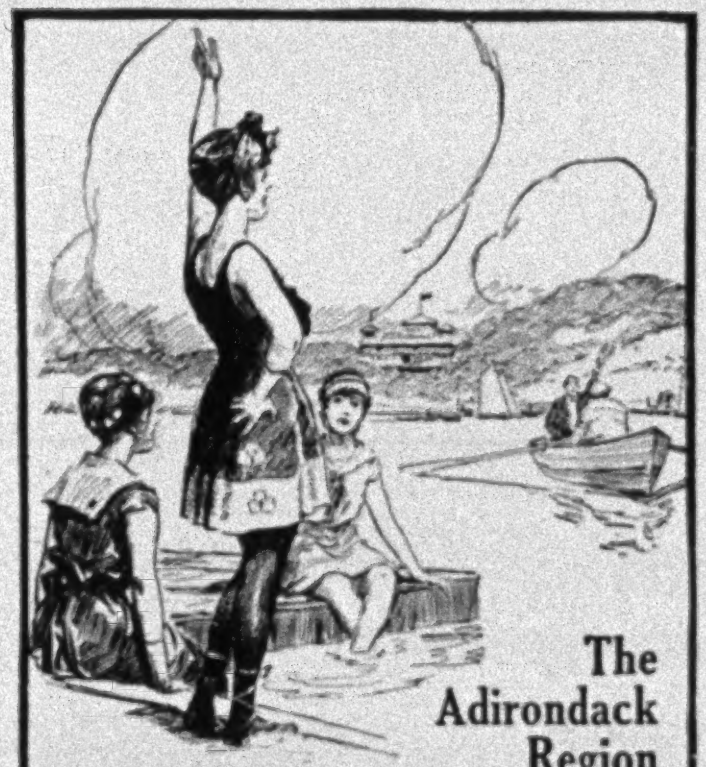

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1915 Model has reversing propeller, high tension magneto and unrestricted speed control. 4 H.P. Weight, 65 lbs. *Sold direct from factory to you, freight paid.* Original outboard motor—tenth year—30,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shape stern. Has automobile carburetor; removable bearings; solid bronze skeg protecting 10½x10 in. propeller. Steers by rudder from any part of the boat. Water-cooled exhaust manifold; noiseless underwater exhaust; spun copper water jacket. *Demand these essentials, if you want your money's worth.* Write today for free book, showing both outboard and inboard engines. Our prices will surprise you.

WATERMAN MOTOR CO.,
245 Mt. Elliott Ave.,
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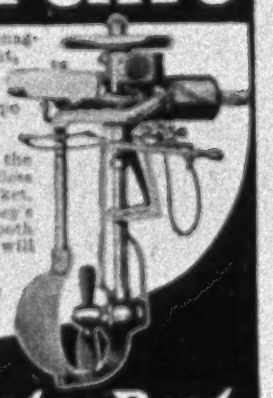
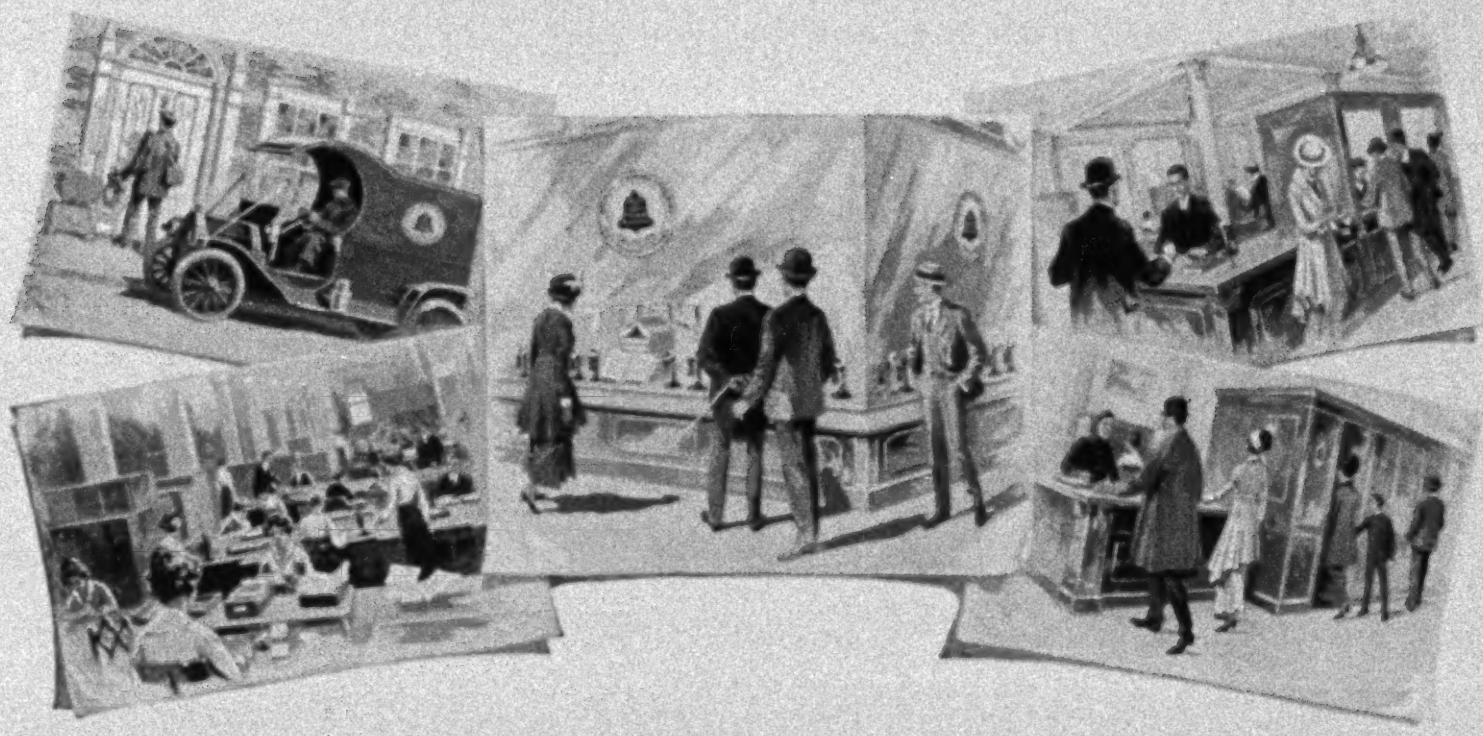


Makes Any Boat A Motor Boat



Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

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One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

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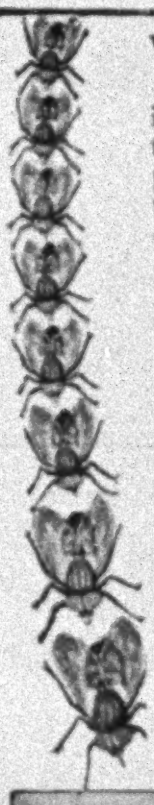


What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children.

For those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from an editorial in the December issue of The Michigan State Medical Society, which comments upon 47 reported cases of poisoning last year as follows:

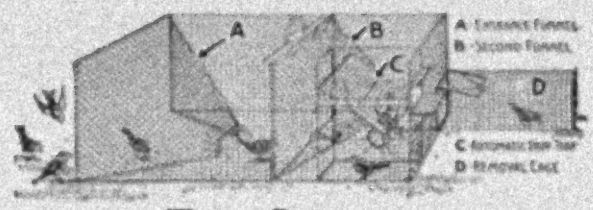
"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorous match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous
Catches the Germ with the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c. at dealers or sent postpaid, two for 25c., anywhere in the United States.

The O. & W. Thum Co., Dept. 201, Grand Rapids, Mich.



Trap Sparrows

They keep native song birds away from our gardens. U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin urges us to destroy English sparrows. Get the

Dodson Sparrow Trap

New and Improved—No Other Trap Like This

Works automatically. Double-funnel trap on left; drop trap on right. Catches sparrows all the time. Lasts a lifetime. Price, $6, f. o. b. Chicago.

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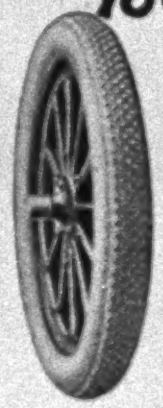
JOSEPH H. DODSON, 702 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads. In eight months 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are **saving $50 to $200 a year** in their tire expense.

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For Witt's is air-tight—special tight-fitting lid seals it like a vault. Odors can't get out; dogs, rats, flies, roaches can't get in—Witt's starves them out. What's more, Witt's lasts for years. Made of heavy, deeply corrugated steel—rust-proof and galvanized—29 times stronger than plain steel, Witt's resists the hardest knocks.
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Dept. T, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Look for the Yellow Label

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Let tree surgery save them!

—but be sure to get *real* tree surgery

Last Spring Davey Tree Surgeons were engaged to save the trees of the magnificent P. A. B. Widener estate at Ogontz, Pa. The following letter, called forth by the devastating ice storm of last December, proves how well they did this:

"Your work on our trees is very satisfactory. The trees were put to a most thorough test recently in a severe ice storm and, thanks to the excellent reinforcements you gave them, were only *very slightly damaged*. Your cavity work is especially fine and will prolong the life of the old trees for many years."

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When Laid on a Base of

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Plaster cracks when it becomes loosened from the lath. Judge for yourself how impossible it is for plaster ever to become loosened from "Kno-Burn."

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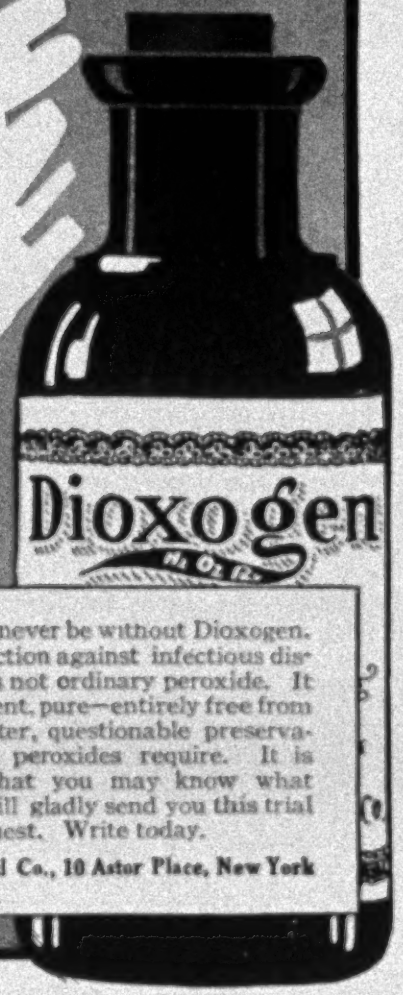

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The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York

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Investigate the *Perfection* Power Lawn Mower and learn how it is cheaper, cleaner, and more efficient than any hand-propelled or horse-drawn grass-cutting contrivance.

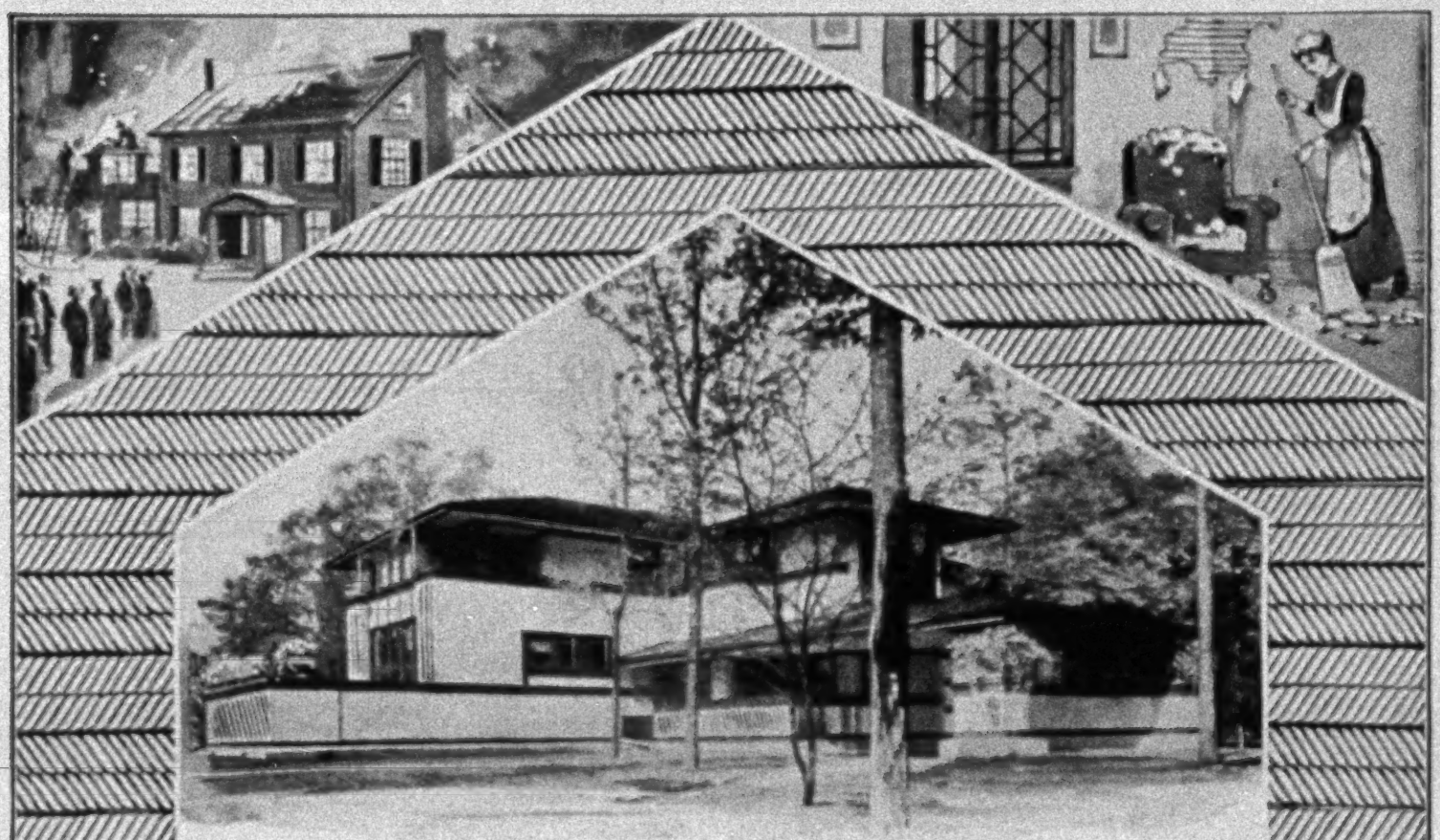
The *Perfection* mows on direct drive—no loss of power through chains. It is the only low-priced motor built with driving roller *behind* the cut. Roller divided into three parts, giving differential action in turning mower. Reversible mower provides self-sharpening knives without extra device. Removable and adjustable cutter-head; grass deflector; adjustable handles; finger-controlled accelerator.

Width of cut, 25 inches; weight, 250 pounds; speed up to 4½ miles; horsepower, 1 brake; price, $225. Magneto or battery.

The *Perfection* Riding Mower is a marvel of its kind. Price, $900. Bosch magneto, $35 extra.

Write at once for our descriptive folder, with guarantee terms.

PERFECTION POWER MOWER CO.
St. Johns, Michigan



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Try this experiment—rub a few drops of 3-in-One into your razor strop until the leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One; then strop. Every razor edge has teeth like a cross-cut saw; soap and water cause these teeth to rust; the more rust the duller the razor. Stropping only breaks off the microscopic rust particles, giving a new cutting edge which immediately commences to rust again. Now 3-in-One on the strop brings out the grain of the leather. This adheres to and wipes out the saw edges—leaving the cutting edge keen and clean. 3-in-One prevents even slightest further rusting. Scientific circular and sample bottle—both free.

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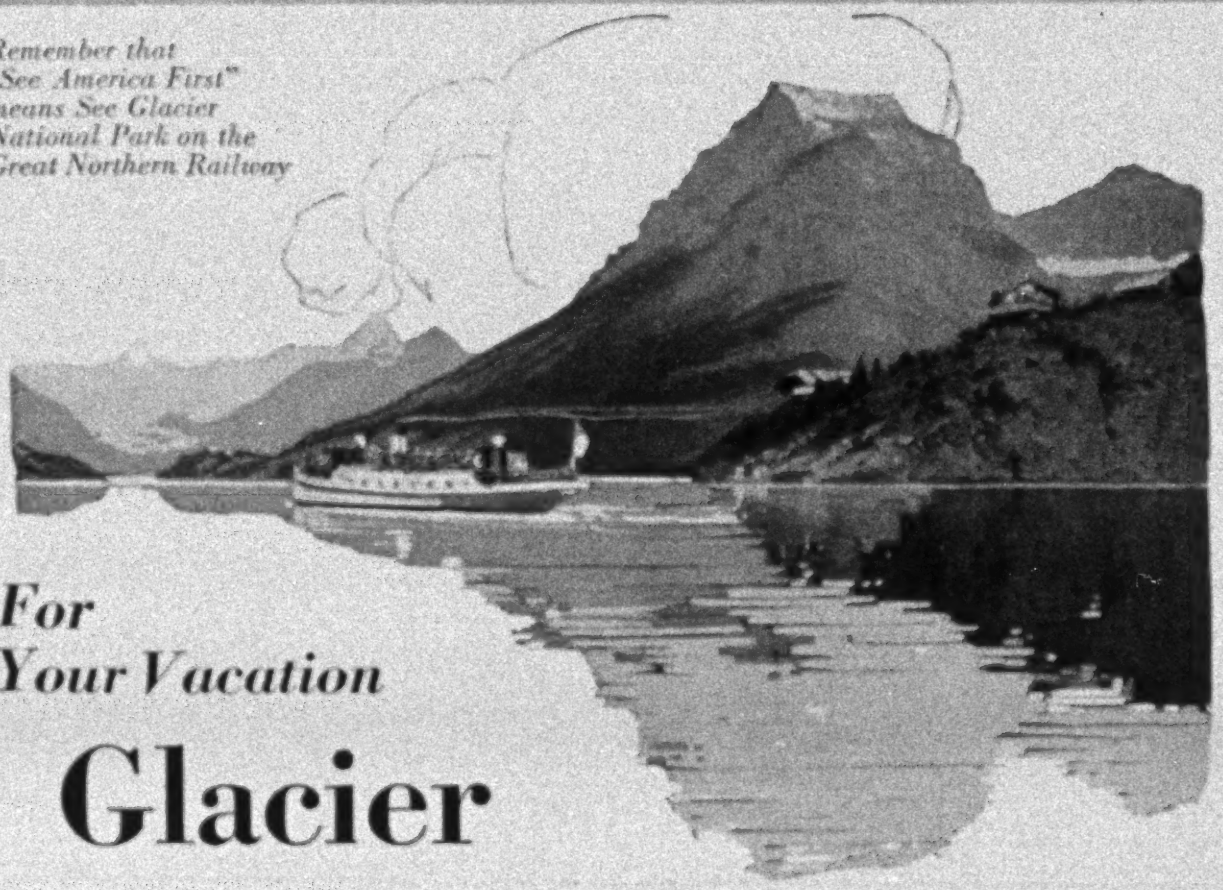

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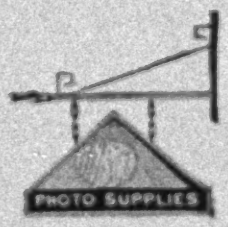

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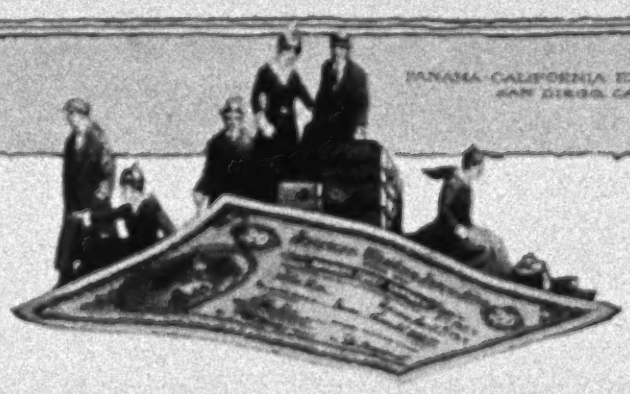

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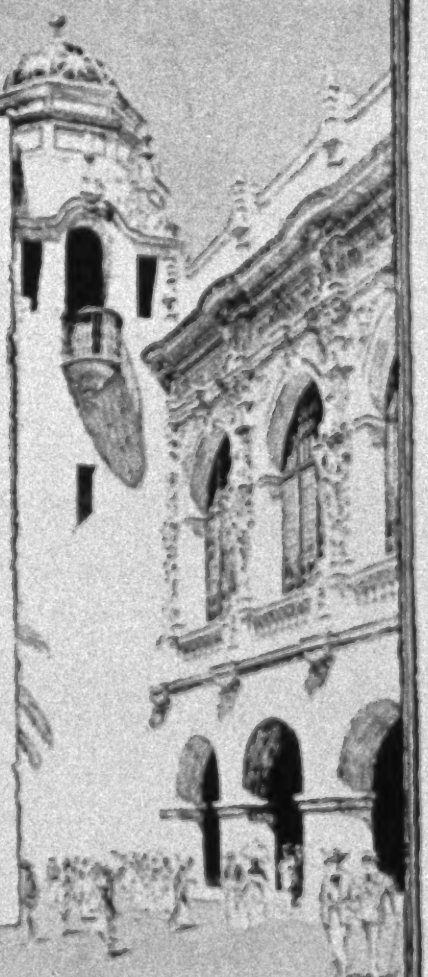

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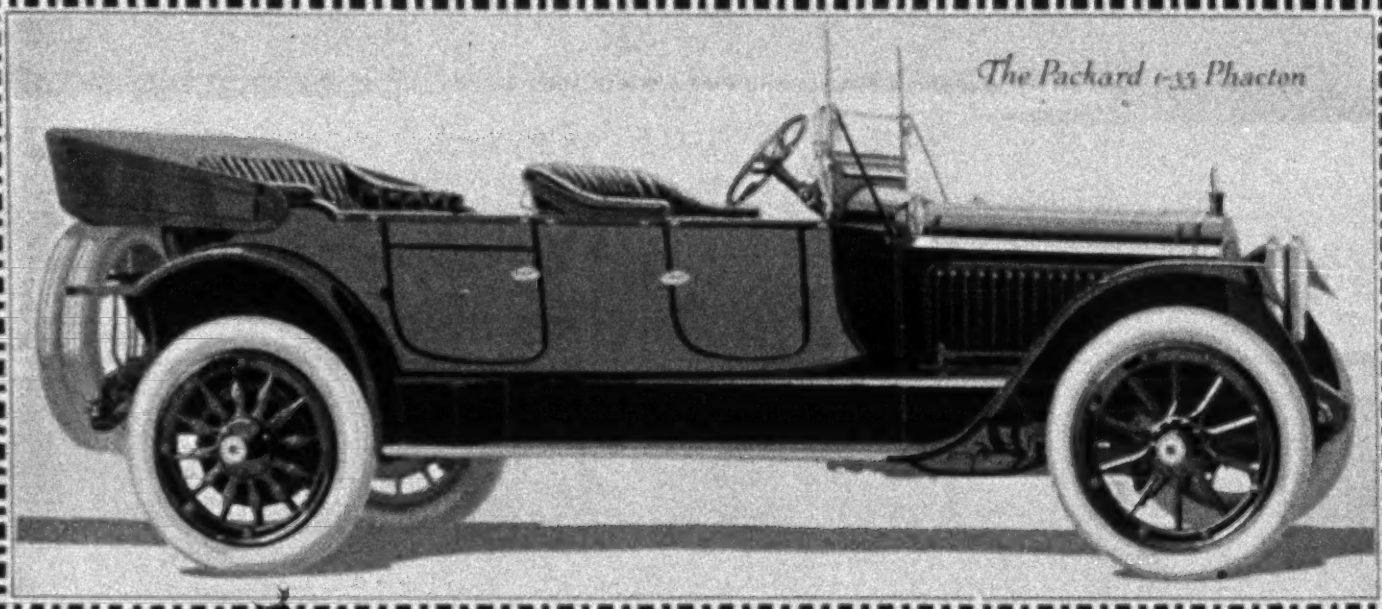

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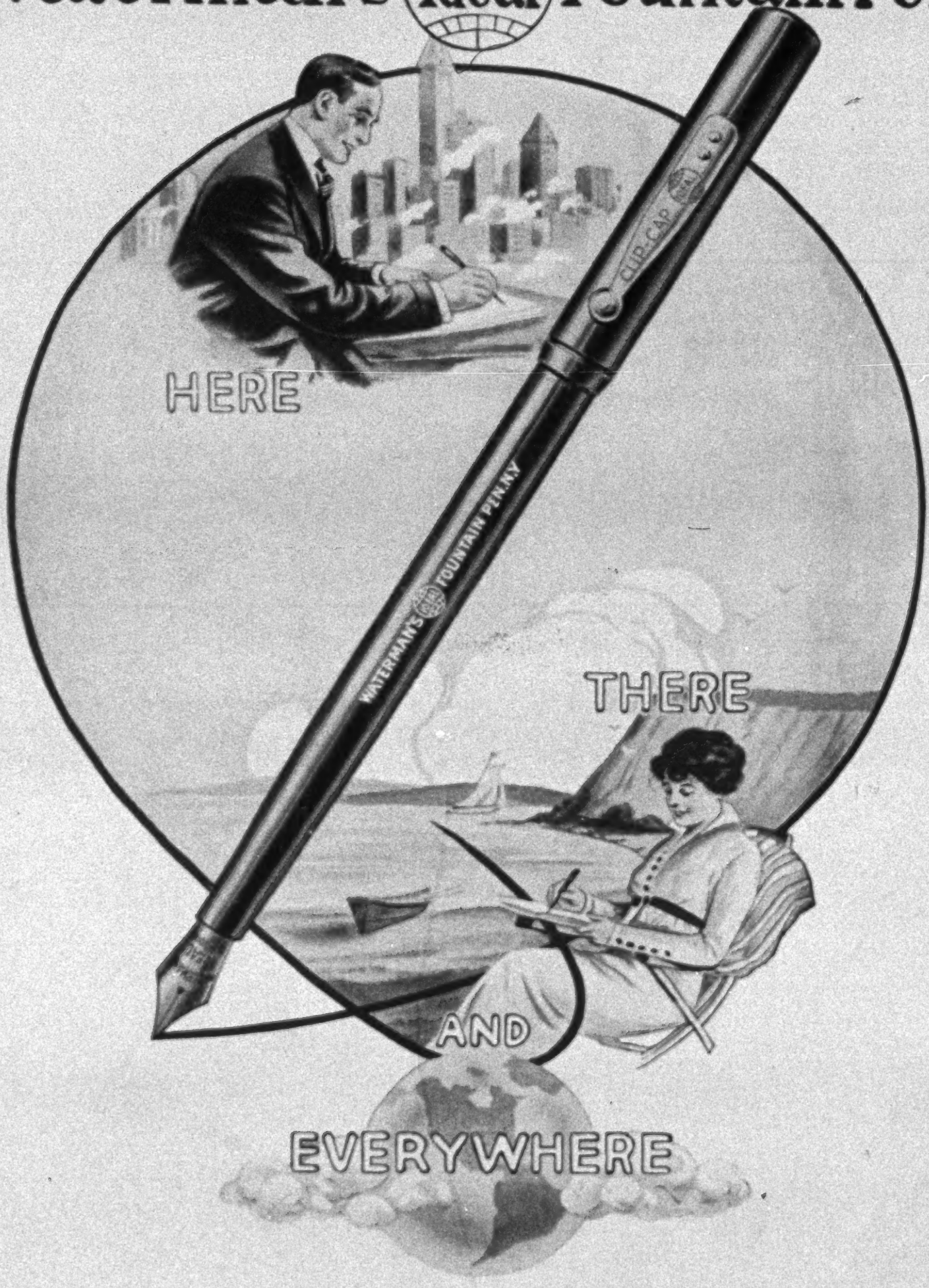

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